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THE

H I S T O R Y

OF

T O M J O N E S,

A

F O U N D L I N G.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

—*Mores hominum multorum vidit*—

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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V O L. IV.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DAVIES; T. SMITH; N. TAYLOR,  
and W. THOMPSON.

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.

THE  
HISTORICAL

TOMES



FOUNDING

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

—

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV

LONDON

Printed by J. DODD, T. SMITH, & J. WILKINSON, in Pall-mall.  
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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.



BOOK XV.

In which the History advances about two days.

CHAP. I.

*Too short to need a preface.*

THERE are a set of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness, and vice to misery, in this world. A very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue these writers mean the exercise of those cardinal virtues, which like good housewives stay at home, and mind only the business of their own family, I shall very readily concede the point; for so surely do all these contribute and lead to happiness, that I could almost wish, in violation of all the ancient and modern fables, to call them rather by the name of wisdom, than by that of virtue; for, with regard to this life, no system, I conceive, was ever wiser than

that of the ancient Epicureans, who held this wisdom to constitute the chief good; nor foolisher than that of their opposites, those modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every sensual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative quality which is always busying itself without doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the good of others, as its own, I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to happiness; because I am afraid we must then include poverty and contempt, with all the mischiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happiness; nay, sometimes, perhaps, we shall be obliged to wait upon the said happiness to a gaol; since many, by the above virtue, have brought themselves thither.

I have not now leisure to enter upon so large a field of speculation as here seems opening upon me; my design was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; since, while Mr Jones was acting the most virtuous part imaginable, in labouring to preserve his fellow-creatures from destruction, the devil, or some other evil spirit, one perhaps clothed in human flesh, was hard at work to make him completely miserable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This, therefore, would seem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life seen so many other exceptions to it, we choose to dispute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest arguments that reason alone can furnish for the belief of immortality.

But

But as the reader's curiosity, (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall proceed to feed it as fast as we can.

## C H A P. II.

*In which is opened a very black design against Sophia.*

I REMEMBER a wise old gentleman, who used to say, 'When children are doing nothing, they are doing mischief.' I will not enlarge this quaint saying to the most beautiful part of the creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the effects of female jealousy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may suspect that mischievous passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of Lady Bellaston, who, under all the smiles which she wore in her countenance, concealed much indignation against Sophia; and as she plainly saw that this young lady stood between her and the full indulgence of her desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable opportunity of accomplishing this presented itself to her.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that consternation at the playhouse, by the wit and humour of a set of young gentlemen who call themselves *the town*, we informed him, that she had put herself under the protection of a young nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her chair.

This nobleman, who frequently visited Lady Bellaston, had more than once seen Sophia there

since her arrival in town, and had conceived a very great liking to her, which liking, as beauty never looks more amiable than in distress, Sophia had in this fright so increased, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an occasion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object as now offered itself, to elapse, when even good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a visit.

The next morning, therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia with the usual compliments, in hopes that she had received no harm from her last night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a flame, Sophia, in a very short time, completed her conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a visit. Though this circumstance alone would have alarmed Sophia, who was somewhat more a mistress of computation at present, she had indeed much more pregnant evidence, from the eyes of her lover, of what passed within his bosom; nay, though he did not make any open declaration of his passion, yet many of his expressions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to complaisance, even in the age when such complaisance was in fashion, the very reverse of which is well known to be the reigning mode at present.

Lady Bellaston had been apprised of his Lordship's visit at his first arrival, and the length of it very well satisfied her, that things went as she wished,

wished, and as indeed she had suspected the second time she saw this young couple together. This business she rightly, I think, concluded that she should by no means forward, by mixing in the company while they were together; she therefore ordered her servants, that when my Lord was going, they should tell him she desired to speak with him, and employed the intermediate time in meditating how best to accomplish a scheme, which she made no doubt but his Lordship would very readily embrace the execution of.

Lord Fellamar (for that was the title of this young nobleman), was no sooner introduced to her Ladyship, than she attacked him in the following strain: 'Bless me, my Lord, are you here yet? I thought my servants had made a mistake, and let you go away; and I wanted to see you about an affair of some importance.'——'Indeed, Lady Bellaſton,' said he, 'I don't wonder you are astonished at the length of my visit, for I have staid above two hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one.'——'What am I to conclude from thence, my Lord?' said she; 'the company must be very agreeable which can make time slide away so very deceitfully.'——'Upon my honour,' said he, 'the most agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, Lady Bellaſton, who is this blazing star which you have produced among us all of a sudden?'——'What blazing star, my Lord?' said she, affecting a surprise. 'I mean,' said he, 'the lady I saw here the other day, whom I had last night in my arms at the playhouse, and to whom I have been making that unreasonable visit.'——'O, my cousin Western!' said she. 'Why, that blazing star, my Lord, is the daughter of a country booby squire, and hath been in town about a fortnight

for the first time.'——' Upon my soul,' said he, ' I should swear she had been bred up in a court ; for besides her beauty, I never saw any thing so genteel, so sensible, so polite.'——' O brave !' cries the lady ; ' my cousin hath you, I find.'——' Upon my honour,' answered he, ' I wish she had, for I am in love with her to distraction.'——' Nay, my Lord,' said she, ' it is not wishing yourself very ill neither, for she is a very great fortune : I assure you she is an only child, and her father's estate is a good 3000 l. a-year.' ' Then I can assure you, Madam,' answered my Lord, ' I think her the best match in England.' ' Indeed, my Lord,' replied she, ' if you like her, I heartily wish you had her.' ' If you think so kindly of me, Madam,' said he, ' as she is a relation of yours, will you do me the honour to propose it to her father ?' ' And are you really then in earnest ?' cries the lady with an affected gravity. ' I hope, Madam,' answered he, ' you have a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would jest with your Ladyship in an affair of this kind.' ' Indeed, then,' said the lady, ' I will most readily propose your Lordship to her father, and I can, I believe, assure you of his joyful acceptance of the proposal : but there is a bar, which I am almost ashamed to mention, and yet it is one you will never be able to conquer. You have a rival, my Lord, and a rival who, though I blush to name him, neither you, nor all the world, will ever be able to conquer.' ' Upon my word, Lady Bellaston,' cries he, ' you have struck a damp to my heart, which hath almost deprived me of being.' ' Fie, my Lord,' said she, ' I should rather hope I had struck fire into you. A lover, and talk of damps in your heart ! I rather imagined you would have asked

asked your rival's name, that you might have immediately entered the lists with him.' 'I promise you, Madam,' answered he, 'there are very few things I would not undertake for your charming cousin: but pray who is this happy man?'—— 'Why, he is,' said she, 'what I am sorry to say most happy men with us are, one of the lowest fellows in the world. He is a beggar, a bastard, a foundling, a fellow in meaner circumstances than one of your Lordship's footmen.' 'And is it possible,' cried he, 'that a young creature with such perfections should think of bestowing herself so unworthily?' 'Alas! my Lord,' answered she, 'consider the country—the bane of all young women is the country. There they learn a set of romantic notions of love, and I know not what folly, which this town and good company can scarce eradicate in a whole winter.' 'Indeed, Madam,' replied my Lord, 'your cousin is of too immense a value to be thrown away: such ruin as this must be prevented.' 'Alas!' cries she, 'my Lord, how can it be prevented? The family hath already done all in their power; but the girl is, I think, intoxicated, and nothing less than ruin will content her. And, to deal more plainly with you, I expect every day to hear she is run away with him.' 'What you tell me, Lady Belaston,' answered his Lordship, 'affects me most tenderly, and only raises my compassion, instead of lessening my adoration of your cousin. Some means must be found to preserve so inestimable a jewel. Hath your Ladyship endeavoured to reason with her?' Here the lady affected a laugh, and cried, 'My dear Lord, sure you know us better than to talk of reasoning a young woman out of her inclinations? These inestimable jewels are as deaf as the jewels they wear: time, my Lord,

Lord, time is the only medicine to cure their folly; but this is a medicine which I am certain she will not take, nay, I live in hourly horrors on her account. In short, nothing but violent methods will do.' 'What is to be done?' cries my Lord, 'What methods are to be taken?—Is there any method upon earth?—Oh! Lady Bellafton! there is nothing which I would not undertake for such a reward.'—'I really know not,' answered the lady, after a pause; and then pausing again, she cried out,—'Upon my soul, I am at my wit's end on this girl's account.—If she can be preserved, something must be done immediately, and, as I say, nothing but violent methods will do.—If your Lordship hath really this attachment to my cousin, (and, to do her justice, except in this silly inclination, of which she will soon see the folly, she is every way deserving), I think there may be one way, indeed it is a very disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to think of.—It requires great spirit, I promise you.' 'I am not conscious, madam,' said he, 'of any defect there; nor am I, I hope, suspected of any such. It must be an egregious defect, indeed, which could make me backward on this occasion.' 'Nay, my Lord,' answered she, 'I am far from doubting you, I am much inclined to doubt my own courage; for I must run a monstrous risk. In short, I must place such a confidence in your honour, as a wise woman will scarce ever place in a man on any consideration.' In this point likewise my Lord very well satisfied her; for his reputation was extremely clear, and common fame did him no more than justice in speaking well of him. 'Well then,' said she, 'my Lord,—I—I vow I can't bear the apprehension of it.—No, it must not be.—At least

least every other method must be tried. Can you get rid of your engagements, and dine here to-day? Your Lordship will have an opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss Western.—I promise you we have no time to lose. Here will be nobody but Lady Betty, and Miss Eagle, and Colonel Hamsted, and Tom Edwards: they will all go soon,—and I shall be at home to no body. Then your lady may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive some method to convince you of her attachment to this fellow.’ My Lord made proper compliments, accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dress, it being now past three in the morning, or to reckon by the old style, in the afternoon.

### CHAP. III.

*A further explanation of the foregoing design.*

**T**HOUGH the reader may have long since concluded Lady Bellaston to be a member (and no inconsiderable one) of the great world, she was in reality a very considerable member of the little world; by which appellation was distinguished a very worthy and honourable society which not long since flourished in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this society was founded, there was one very remarkable; for as it was a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who assembled at the close of the late war, that all the members should every day fight once at least, so it was in this, that every member should within the twenty-four hours tell at least one merry fib, which was to be propagated by all the brethren and sisterhood.

Many

Many idle stories were told about this society, which, from a certain quality, may be, perhaps not unjustly, supposed to have come from the society themselves; as, that the devil was the president, and that he sat in person in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the table. But, upon very strict enquiry, I find there is not the least truth in any of those tales, and that the assembly consisted in reality of a set of very good sort of people, and the fibs which they propagated were of a harmless kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good-humour.

Edwards was likewise a member of this comical society; to him, therefore, Lady Bellaſton applied as a proper instrument for her purpose, and furnished him with a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but Lord Fellamar and himself were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubber at whist.

To this time then, which was between seven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when Lady Bellaſton, Lord Fellamar, Miſs Western, and Tom, being engaged at whist, and in the last game of their rubbers, Tom received his cue from Lady Bellaſton, which was, ‘I protest, Tom, you are grown intolerable lately; you used to tell us all the news of the town, and now you know no more of the world than if you lived out of it.’

Mr Edwards began then as follows: ‘The fault is not mine, madam; it lies in the dulness of the age, that doth nothing worth talking of.—O la! though now I think on’t, there hath a terrible accident befallen poor Colonel Wilcox.—Poor Ned.

—You

—You know him, my Lord? every body knows him: faith! I am very much concerned for him.

‘What is it, pray?’ says Lady Bellaſton.

‘Why he hath killed a man this morning in a duel, that’s all.’

His Lordſhip, who was not in the ſecret, asked gravely, whom he had killed? To which Edwards answered, ‘A young fellow we none of us know; a Somerſetſhire lad, juſt come to town, one Jones his name is, a near relation of one Mr Allworthy, of whom your Lordſhip, I believe, hath heard. I ſaw the lad ly dead in a coffee-houſe.—Upon my ſoul, he is one of the fineſt corſes I ever ſaw in my life.’

Sophia, who had juſt begun to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, ſtopt her hand, and liſtened with attention, (for all ſtories of that kind affected her); but no ſooner had he arrived at the latter part of the ſtory, than ſhe began to deal again; and having dealt three cards to one, and ſeven to another, and ten to a third, at laſt dropt the reſt from her hand, and fell back in her chair.

The company behaved as uſual on theſe occaſions. The uſual diſturbance enſued, the uſual aſſiſtance was ſummoned, and Sophia at laſt, as it is uſual, returned again to life, and ſoon after was, at her earneſt deſire, led to her own apartment; where, at my Lord’s requeſt, Lady Bellaſton acquainted her with the truth, attempted to carry it off as a jeſt of her own, and comforted her with repeated aſſurances, that neither his Lordſhip, nor Tom, though ſhe had taught him the ſtory, were in the true ſecret of the affair.

There was no farther evidence neceſſary to convince Lord Fellamar how juſtly the caſe had been repreſented to him by Lady Bellaſton: and now,

at

at her return into the room, a scheme was laid between these two noble persons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous light to his Lordship, (as he faithfully promised, and faithfully resolved too, to make the lady all the subsequent amends in his power by marriage); yet many of our readers, we doubt not, will see with just detestation.

The next evening at seven was appointed for the fatal purpose, when Lady Bellaſton undertook that Sophia ſhould be alone, and his Lordſhip ſhould be introduced to her. The whole family were to be regulated for the purpoſe, moſt of the ſervants diſpatched out of the houſe; and for Mrs Honour, who, to prevent ſuſpicion, was to be left with her miſtreſs till his Lordſhip's arrival, Lady Bellaſton herſelf was to engage her in an apartment as diſtant as poſſible from the ſcene of the intended miſchief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his Lordſhip took his leave, and her Ladyſhip retired to reſt, highly pleaſed with a project, of which ſhe had no reaſon to doubt the ſucceſs, and which promiſed ſo effectually to remove Sophia from being any future obſtruction to her amour with Jones, by means of which ſhe ſhould never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world: but this ſhe made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a marriage, to which ſhe thought the raviſhed Sophia would eaſily be brought to conſent, and at which all the reſt of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in ſo quiet a ſituation in the boſom of the other conſpirator: his mind was toſſed in all the diſtracting anxiety ſo nobly deſcribed by Shakeſpeare.

*Between*

*Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.—*

Though the violence of his passion had made him eagerly embrace the first hint of this design, especially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itself in all its natural black colours before his eyes, with all the consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it, his resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other side ; and after a long conflict which lasted a whole night between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady Bellaston, and to relinquish the design.

Lady Bellaston was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia sitting by her bed-side, when the servant acquainted her that Lord Fellamar was below in the parlour ; upon which her Ladyship desired him to stay, and that she would see him presently ; but the servant was no sooner departed, than poor Sophia began to intreat her cousin not to encourage the visits of that odious lord (so she called him, though a little unjustly) upon her account. ‘ I see his design,’ said she ; for he made downright love to me yesterday morning : but as I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your Ladyship not to leave us alone together any more, and to order the servants, that, if he inquires for me, I may be always denied to him.’

‘La! child,’ says Lady Bellaſton, ‘you country girls have nothing but sweethearts in your heads; you fancy every man who is civil to you is making love. He is one of the moſt gallant young fellows about town, and, I am convinced, means no more than a little gallantry. Make love to you indeed! I wiſh with all my heart he would, and you muſt be an arrant mad woman to reſuſe him.’

‘But as I ſhall certainly be that mad woman,’ cries Sophia, ‘I hope his viſits ſhall not be intruded upon me.’

‘O child,’ ſaid Lady Bellaſton, ‘you need not be ſo fearful; if you reſolve to run away with that Jones, I know no perſon who can hinder you.’

‘Upon my honour, Madam,’ cries Sophia, ‘your Ladyſhip injures me. I will never run away with any man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my father’s inclinations.’

‘Well, Miſs Weſtern,’ ſaid the lady, ‘if you are not in a humour to ſee company this morning, you may retire to your own apartment; for I am not frightened at his Lordſhip, and muſt ſend for him up into my dreſſing-room.’

Sophia thanked her Ladyſhip, and withdrew; and preſently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up ſtairs.

#### C H A P. IV.

*By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when ſhe applies her eloquence to an ill purpoſe.*

**W**HEN Lady Bellaſton heard the young Lord’s ſcruples, ſhe treated them with the ſame diſdain with which one of thoſe ſages of the law, called

called Newgate solicitors, treats the qualms of conscience in a young witness. 'My dear Lord,' said she, 'you certainly want a cordial. I must send to Lady Edgely for one of her best drams. Fie upon it! have more resolution. Are you frightened at the word rape; or are you apprehensive——Well! if the story of Helen was modern, I should think it unnatural; I mean the behaviour of Paris, not the fondness of the lady; for all women love a man of spirit. There is another story of the Sabine ladies,——and that too, I thank Heaven, is very ancient. Your Lordship, perhaps, will admire my reading; but I think Mr Hooke tells us, they made tolerable good wives afterwards. I fancy few of my married acquaintance were ravished by their husbands.' 'Nay, dear Lady Bellaston,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me in this manner.' 'Why, my good Lord,' answered she, 'do you think any woman in England would not laugh at you in her heart, whatever prudery she might wear in her countenance?——You force me to use a strange kind of language, and to betray my sex most abominably: but I am contented with knowing my intentions are good, and that I am endeavouring to serve my cousin; for I think you will make her a good husband, notwithstanding this; or, upon my soul, I would not even persuade her to fling herself away upon an empty title. She would not upbraid me hereafter with having lost a man of spirit; for that his enemies allow this poor young fellow to be.'

Let those who have had the satisfaction of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a mistress, declare whether they are at all sweetened by coming from a female tongue. Certain it is, they sunk deeper into his Lordship than any thing which

Demosthenes or Cicero could have said on the occasion.

Lady Bellaſton, perceiving ſhe had fired the young lord's pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouse other paſſions to its aſſiſtance. 'My Lord,' ſays ſhe, in a graver voice, 'you will be pleaſed to remember, you mentioned this matter to me firſt; for I would not appear to you in the light of one who is endeavouring to put off my couſin upon you. Fourſcore thouſand pounds do not ſtand in need of an advocate to recommend them.' 'Nor doth Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid he, 'require any recommendation from her fortune; for, in my opinion, no woman ever had half her charms.' 'Yes, yes, my Lord,' replied the lady, looking in the glaſs, 'there have been women with more than half her charms, I aſſure you; not that I need leſſen her on that account: ſhe is a moſt delicious girl, that's certain; and within theſe few hours ſhe will be in the arms of one who ſurely doth not deſerve her, though I will give him his due, I believe he is truly a man of ſpirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my Lord; 'though I muſt own he doth not deſerve her; for unleſs Heaven, or your Ladyſhip diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall within that time be mine.'

'Well ſpoken, my Lord,' answered the lady; 'I promiſe you no diſappointment ſhall happen from my ſide; and within this week I am convinced I ſhall call your Lordſhip my couſin in public.'

The remainder of this ſcene conſiſted entirely of raptures, excuſes, and compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the parties, but rather dull when related at ſecond hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an end to this dialogue, and haſten

hasten to the fatal hour, when every thing was prepared for the destruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the most tragical matter in our whole history, we shall treat it in a chapter by itself.

## C H A P. V.

*Containing some matters which may affect, and others which may surprise the reader.*

THE clock had now struck seven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, sat reading a tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage; and she was now come to that part where the poor distressed Isabella disposes of her wedding-ring.

Here the book dropt from her hand, and a shower of tears ran down into her bosom. In this situation she had continued a minute, when the door opened, and in came Lord Fellamar. Sophia started from her chair at his entrance; and his Lordship advancing forwards, and making a low bow, said, 'I am afraid, Miss Western, I break in upon you abruptly.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' says she, 'I must own myself a little surprised at this unexpected visit.' 'If this visit be unexpected, Madam,' answered Lord Fellamar, 'my eyes must have been very faithless interpreters of my heart, when last I had the honour of seeing you: for surely you could not otherwise have hoped to detain my heart in your possession, without receiving a visit from its owner.' Sophia, confused as she was, answered this bombast (and very properly I think) with a look of inconceivable disdain. My Lord then made another and a longer speech of the same sort. Upon which Sophia, trembling

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said,

said, 'Am I really to conceive your Lordship to be out of your senses? Sure, my Lord, there is no other excuse for such behaviour.'—'I am, indeed, Madam, in the situation you suppose,' cries his Lordship; 'and sure you will pardon the effects of a frenzy which you yourself have occasioned: for love hath so totally deprived me of reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my actions.'—'Upon my word, my Lord,' said Sophia, 'I neither understand your words nor your behaviour.'—'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your feet to explain both, by laying open my soul to you, and declaring that I doat on you to the highest degree of distraction. O most adorable, most divine creature! what language can express the sentiments of my heart?'—'I do assure you, my Lord,' said Sophia, 'I shall not stay to hear any more of this.'—'Do not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: could you know half the torments which I feel, that tender bosom must pity what those eyes have caused.'—Then fetching a deep sigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for some minutes in a strain which would be little more pleasing to the reader than it was to the lady; and at last concluded with a declaration, 'That if he was master of the world, he would lay it at her feet.' Sophia then forcibly pulling away her hand from his, answered with much spirit, 'I promise you, Sir, your world and its master, I should spurn from me with equal contempt.' She then offered to go, and Lord Fellamar, again laying hold of her hand, said, 'Pardon me, my beloved angel, freedoms which nothing but despair could have tempted me to take.—Believe me, could I have had any hope that my title and fortune, neither of them inconsiderable, unless when compared

pared with your worth, would have been accepted, I had in the humblest manner presented them to your acceptance.—But I cannot lose you.—By Heaven, I will sooner part with my soul——You are, you must, you shall be only mine.—‘My Lord,’ says she, ‘I intreat you to desist from a vain pursuit; for, upon my honour, I will never hear you on this subject. Let go my hand, my Lord; for I am resolved to go from you this moment; nor will I ever see you more.’ ‘Then, Madam,’ cries his Lordship, ‘I must make the best use of this moment; for I cannot, nor will I live without you.’—‘What do you mean, my Lord?’ said Sophia; ‘I will raise the family.’ ‘I have no fear, Madam,’ answered he, ‘but of losing you, and that I am resolved to prevent, the only way which despair points out to me.’—He then caught her in his arms; upon which she screamed so loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her assistance, had not lady Bellaston taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumstance happened for poor Sophia: another noise now broke forth, which almost drowned her cries; for now the whole house rang with, ‘Where is she? D—n me, I’ll unkennel her this instant. Shew me her chamber, I say. Where is my daughter? I know she’s in the house, and I’ll see her if she’s above ground. Shew me where she is.’—At which last words the door flew open, and in came Squire Western, with his parson, and a set of myrmidons at his heels.

How miserable must have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only accident upon earth which could have pre-  
served

served the peace of her mind from being for ever destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her fright, presently knew her father's voice; and his Lordship, notwithstanding his passion, knew the voice of reason, which peremptorily assured him, it was not now a time for the perpetration of his villany.—Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was, (for as the squire more than once roared forth the word daughter, so Sophia, in the midst of her struggling, cried out upon her father); he thought proper to relinquish his prey, having only disordered her handkerchief, and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the situation of these two persons when Western came into the room. Sophia tottered into her chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with indignation at Lord Fellamar, affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the arrival of her father.

His lordship sat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his shoulders, the rest of his dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is usual appearing at his bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire Western, he happened, at this time, to be overtaken by an enemy which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake most of the country gentlemen of this kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which circumstance, together with his natural impetuosity, could produce no other effect, than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell  
foul

foul with his tongue in the most inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parson interposed, saying, 'For Heaven's sake, Sir, advert that you are in the house of a great lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your wrath: It should minister a fulness of satisfaction that you have found your daughter; for as to revenge it belongeth not unto us. I discern great contrition in the countenance of the young lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past offences, and return unto her duty.'

The strength of the parson's arms had at first been of more service than the strength of his rhetoric. However, his last words wrought some effect, and the squire answered, 'I'll forgee her, if she will ha' un. If wot ha' un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. Why dost un't speak? Shat ha' un? d—n me, shat ha' un? Why dost un't answer? was ever such a stubborn tuoad?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,' said the parson; 'you frighten the young lady so, that you deprive her of all power of utterance.'

'Power of mine a—,' answered the squire. 'You take her part then, you do! a pretty parson truly, to side with an undutiful child. Yes, yes, I will gee you a living with a pox. I'll gee un to the devil sooner.'

'I humbly crave your pardon,' said the parson; 'I assure your worship I meant no such matter.'

My lady Bellaston now entered the room, and came up to the squire, who no sooner saw her, than resolving to follow the instructions of his sister, he made her a very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her some of his best compliments.

ments. He then immediately proceeded to his complaints, and said, 'There, my lady cousin; there stands the most undutiful child in the world; she hankers after a beggarly rascal, and won't marry one of the greatest matches in all England, that we have provided for her.'

'Indeed, Cousin Western,' answered the lady, 'I am persuaded you wrong my cousin. I am sure she hath a better understanding. I am convinced she will not refuse what she must be sensible is so much to her advantage.'

'This was a wilful mistake in lady Bellafton; for she well knew whom Mr Western meant; though, perhaps, she thought he would be easily reconciled to his Lordship's proposals.'

'Do you hear there,' quoth the squire, 'what her ladyship says? All your family are for the match. Come, Sophy, be a good girl, and be dutiful, and make your father happy.'

'If my death will make you happy, Sir,' answered Sophia, 'you will shortly be so.'

'It is a lie, Sophy; it is a d—n'd lie, and you know it,' said the squire.

'Indeed, Miss Western,' said Lady Bellafton, 'you injure your father; he hath nothing in view but your interest in this match; and I and all your friends must acknowledge the highest honour done to your family in the proposal.'

'Ay, all of us,' quoth the squire: 'nay, it was no proposal of mine. She knows it was her aunt proposed it to me first.——Come, Sophy, once more let me beg you to be a good girl, and gee me your consent before your cousin.'

'Let me give him your hand, cousin,' said the lady. 'It is the fashion now-a-days to dispense with time and long courtships.'

'Pugh,'

‘Pugh,’ said the squire, ‘what signifies time? won’t they have time enough to court afterwards? People may court very well after they have been a-bed together.’

As Lord Fellamar was very well assured that he was meant by Lady Bellaſton, ſo never having heard nor ſuſpected a word of Blifil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the father. Coming up, therefore, to the ſquire, he ſaid, ‘Though I have not the honour, Sir, of being perſonally known to you, yet as I find I have the happineſs to have my propoſals accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in behalf of the young lady, that ſhe may not be more ſolicited at this time.’

‘You intercede, Sir!’ ſaid the ſquire; ‘why, who the devil are you?’

‘Sir, I am Lord Fellamar,’ answered he, ‘and am the happy man who I hope you have done the honour of accepting for a ſon-in-law.’

‘You are a ſon of a b—,’ replied the ſquire, ‘for all your laced coat. You my ſon-in-law, and be d—n’d to you!’

‘I ſhall take more from you, Sir, than from any man,’ answered the Lord; ‘but I muſt inform you, that I am not uſed to hear ſuch language without reſentment.’

‘Reſent my a—,’ quoth the ſquire. ‘Don’t think I am afraid of ſuch a fellow as thee art! becauſe haſt got a ſpit there dangling at thy ſide. Lay by thy ſpit, and I’ll give thee enough of meddling with what doth not belong to thee.—I’ll teach you to father-in-law me: I’ll lick thy jacket.’

‘’Tis very well, Sir,’ ſaid my Lord, ‘I ſhall make no diſturbance before the ladies. I am very well ſatisfied. Your humble ſervant, Sir; Lady Bellaſton, your moſt obedient.’

His

His Lordship was no sooner gone, than Lady Bellaſton, coming up to Mr Weſtern, ſaid, ‘ Bless me, Sir, what have you done? you know not whom you have affronted; he is a nobleman of the firſt rank and fortune, and yeſterday made propoſals to your daughter, and ſuch as I am ſure you muſt accept with the higheſt pleaſure.’

‘ Answer for yourſelf, lady couſin,’ ſaid the ſquire; ‘ I will have nothing to do with any of your lords. My daughter ſhall have an honeſt country gentleman; I have pitched upon one for her,—and ſhe ſhall ha’ un. I’m ſorry for the trouble ſhe hath given your Ladyſhip, with all my my heart.’ Lady Bellaſton made a civil ſpeech upon the word *trouble*, to which the ſquire answered, ‘ Why, that’s kind,—and I would do as much for your Ladyſhip. To be ſure relations ſhould do for one another: ſo I wiſh your Ladyſhip a good-night.——Come, Madam, you muſt go along with me by fair means, or I’ll have you carried down to the coach.’

Sophia ſaid ſhe would attend him without force; but begged to go in a chair; for ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould not be able to ride any other way.

‘ Prithee,’ cries the ſquire, ‘ wout unt perſuade me canſt not ride in a coach, wouldſt? that’s a pretty thing ſurely. No, no; I’ll never let thee out of my ſight any more till thou art married, that I promiſe thee.’ Sophia told him, ſhe ſaw he was reſolved to break her heart. ‘ O break thy heart and be d—n’d,’ quoth he, ‘ if a good huſband will break it. I don’t value a braſs varden, not a halfpenny of any undutiſul b— upon earth.’ He then took violently hold of her hand, upon which the parſon once more interferred, begging him to uſe gentle methods. At that the ſquire thundered

thundered out a curse, and bid the parson hold his tongue, saying, 'Ar'n't in pulpit now; when art a got up there I never mind what dost say; but I won't be priest-ridden, nor taught how to behave myself by thee.—I with your Ladyship a good night.—Come along, Sophy; be a good girl, and all shall be well. Shat ha' un, d—n me, shat ha' un.'

Mrs Honour appeared below stairs, and, with a low curtesy to the squire, offered to attend her mistress; but he pushed her away, saying, 'Hold, Madam, hold, you come no more near my house.' 'And will you take my maid away from me?' said Sophia. 'Yes, indeed, Madam, will I,' cries the squire: 'You need not fear being without a servant; I will get you another maid, and a better maid than this; who, I'd lay five pounds to a crown, is no more a maid than my grannum. No, no, Sophy, she shall contrive no more escapes, I promise you.' He then packed up his daughter and the parson into the hackney-coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he suffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a lecture to the parson on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his daughter from Lady Bellaston, had that good lady desired to have detained her; but, in reality, she was not a little pleased with the confinement into which Sophia was going; and as her project with Lord Fellamar had failed of success, she was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be used in favour of another man.

## C H A P. VI.

*By what means the squire came to discover his daughter.*

**T**HOUGH the reader in many histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr Western, without any satisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we shall now proceed to shew by what method the squire discovered where his daughter was.

In the third chapter then of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our custom to unfold at any time more than is necessary for the occasion), that Mrs Fitzpatrick, who was very desirous of reconciling herself to her uncle and aunt Western, thought she had a probable opportunity, by the service of preserving Sophia from committing the same crime which had drawn on herself the anger of her family. After much deliberation, therefore, she resolved to inform her aunt Western where her cousin was; and accordingly she writ the following letter, which we shall give the reader at length, for more reasons than one.

‘ Honoured MADAM,

‘ **T**HE occasion of my writing this, will perhaps make a letter of mine agreeable to  
 ‘ my dear aunt, for the sake of one of her nieces,  
 ‘ though I have little reason to hope it will be so  
 ‘ on the account of another.

‘ Without more apology, as I was coming to  
 ‘ throw my unhappy self at your feet, I met, by the  
 ‘ strangest accident in the world, my cousin Sophia, whose history you are better acquainted  
 ‘ with than myself, though, alas! I know infinitely too much; enough indeed to satisfy me, that  
 ‘ unless

‘ unless she is immediately prevented, she is in  
‘ danger of running into the same fatal mischief  
‘ which, by foolishly and ignorantly refusing your  
‘ most wise and prudent advice, I have unfortun-  
‘ ately brought on myself.

‘ In short, I have seen the man, nay, I was most  
‘ part of yesterday in his company, and a charm-  
‘ ing young fellow I promise you he is. By what  
‘ accident he came acquainted with me, is too te-  
‘ dious to tell you now; but I have this morn-  
‘ ing changed my lodgings to avoid him, lest he  
‘ should by my means discover my cousin; for he  
‘ doth not yet know where she is, and it is ad-  
‘ viseable he should not, till my uncle hath secur-  
‘ ed her.——No time, therefore, is to be lost;  
‘ and I need only inform you, that she is now with  
‘ Lady Bellaſton, whom I have ſeen, and who hath,  
‘ I find, a deſign of concealing her from her fa-  
‘ mily. You know, Madam, ſhe is a ſtrange  
‘ woman: but nothing could miſbecome me more,  
‘ than to preſume to give any hint to one of your  
‘ great underſtanding, and great knowledge of the  
‘ world, beſides barely informing you of the mat-  
‘ ter of fact.

‘ I hope, Madam, the care which I have ſhewn  
‘ on this occaſion for the good of my family, will  
‘ recommend me again to the favour of a lady who  
‘ hath always exerted ſo much zeal for the honour  
‘ and true intereſt of us all; and that it may be  
‘ a means of reſtoring me to your friendſhip, which  
‘ hath made ſo great a part of my former, and is  
‘ ſo neceſſary to my future happineſs. I am, with  
‘ the utmoſt reſpect,

‘ Honoured MADAM,  
‘ Your moſt dutiful obliged niece,  
‘ and moſt obedient humble ſervant,  
‘ HARRIET FITZPATRICK.’

Mrs Western was now at her brother's house, where she had resided ever since the flight of Sophia, in order to administer comfort to the poor squire in his affliction. Of this comfort, which she doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a specimen.

She was now standing with her back to the fire, and, with a pinch of snuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the squire, while he smoaked his afternoon-pipe, when she received the above letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, 'There, Sir, there is an account of your lost sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be governed by my advice, it is possible you may yet preserve her.'

The squire had no sooner read the letter, than he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and gave a loud huzza for joy. He then summoned his servants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and several other horses to be saddled, and that Parson Supple should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his sister, caught her in his arms, and gave her a close embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't seem pleased; one would imagine you was sorry I have found my girl.'

'Brother,' answered she, 'the deepest politicians, who see to the bottom, discover often a very different aspect of affairs, from what swims on the surface. It is true, indeed, things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in Holland, when Lewis the Fourteenth was at the gates of Amsterdam; but there is a delicacy required in this matter, which you will pardon me, brother, if I suspect you want. There is a decor-

um

um to be used with a woman of figure, such as Lady Bellaſton, brother, which requires a knowledge of the world, ſuperior, I am afraid, to yours."

"Sister, cries the ſquire," "I know you have no opinion of my parts; but I'll ſhew you on this occaſion who is a fool. Knowledge, quotha! I have not been in the country ſo long, without having ſome knowledge of warrants and the law of the land. I know I may take my own wherever I can find it. Shew me my own daughter, and if I don't know how to come at her, I'll ſuffer you to call me a fool as long as I live. There be juſtices of peace in London, as well as in other places."

"I proteſt," cries ſhe, "you make me tremble for the event of this matter, which, if you will proceed by my advice, you may bring to ſo good an iſſue. Do you really imagine, brother, that the houſe of a woman of figure is to be attacked by warrants and brutal juſtices of the peace? I will inform you how to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in town, and have got yourſelf into a decent dreſs, (for indeed, brother, you have none at preſent fit to appear in), you muſt ſend your compliments to Lady Bellaſton, and deſire leave to wait on her. When you are admitted to her preſence, as you certainly will be, and have told her your ſtory, and have made proper uſe of my name, (for I think you only juſt know one another by ſight, though you are relations), I am confident ſhe will withdraw her protection from my niece, who hath certainly impoſed upon her. This is the only method.—Juſtices of the peace, indeed! do you imagine any ſuch event can arrive to a woman of figure in a civilized nation?"

"D—n their figures," cries the ſquire; "a pretty civilized nation, truly, where women are above

the law. And what, must I stand sending a parcel of compliments to a confounded whore, that keeps away a daughter from her own natural father? I tell you, sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me.—I know you would have women above the law, but it is all a lie; I heard his Lordship say at a Size, that no one is above the law. But this of yours is Hanover law, I suppose?

‘Mr Western,’ said she, ‘I think you daily improve in ignorance.—I protest you are grown an arrant bear.’

‘No more a bear than yourself, sister Western,’ said the squire——‘Pox! you may talk of your civility an you will. I am sure you never shew any to me. I am no bear, no, nor no dog neither, though I know somebody that is something that begins with a b——; but pox! I will shew you I have got more good manners than some folks.’

‘Mr Western,’ answered the lady, ‘you may say what you please; *je vous mesprise de tout mon cœur*. I shall not therefore be angry.—Besides, as my cousin with that odious Irish name justly says, I have that regard for the honour and true interest of my family, and that concern for my niece, who is a part of it, that I have resolved to go to town myself upon this occasion: for indeed, indeed, brother, you are not a fit minister to be employed at a polite court.—Greenland—Greenland should always be the scene of the tramontane negotiation.’

‘I thank Heaven,’ cries the squire, ‘I don’t understand you now. You are got to your Hanoverian lingo. However, I’ll shew you I scorn to be behind-hand in civility with you; and as you are not angry for what I have said, so I am not angry for what you have said. Indeed I have always

ways

ways thought it a folly for relations to quarrel; and if they do now and then give a hasty word, why, people should give and take. For my part, I never bear malice; and I take it very kind of you to go up to London; for I never was there but twice in my life, and then I did not stay above a fortnight at a time, and to be sure I can't be expected to know much of the streets and the folks in that time. I never denied that you know'd all these matters better than I. For me to dispute that, would be all as one for you to dispute the management of a pack of dogs, or the finding a hare sitting with me.'——'Which I promise you,' says she, 'I never will.'——'Well, and I promise you,' returned he, 'that I never will dispute t'other.'

Here then a league was struck (to borrow a phrase from the lady) between the contending parties; and now the parson arriving, and the horses being ready, the squire departed, having promised his sister to follow her advice, and she prepared to follow him the next day.

But having communicated these matters to the parson on the road, they both agreed that the prescribed formalities might very well be dispensed with; and the squire having changed his mind, proceeded in the manner we have already seen.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which various misfortunes beset poor Jones.*

AFFAIRS were in the afore said situation when Mrs Honour arrived at Mrs Miller's, and called Jones out from the company, as we have before

before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows:

‘O my dear Sir, how shall I get spirits to tell you? you are undone, Sir, and my poor lady’s undone, and I am undone.’ ‘Hath any thing happened to Sophia?’ cries Jones, staring like a madman. ‘All that is bad,’ cries Honour; ‘O I shall never get such another lady! O that I should ever live to see this day!’ At these words Jones turned pale as ashes, trembled, and stammered; but Honour went on. ‘O, Mr Jones, I have lost my lady for ever!’ ‘How! what! for Heaven’s sake tell me.—O my dear Sophia!’——‘You may well call her so,’ said Honour; ‘she was the dearest lady to me.—I shall never have such another place.’——‘Damn your place,’ cries Jones, ‘where is? what! what is become of my Sophia?’ ‘Ay, to be sure,’ cries she, ‘servants may be d—n’d. It signifies nothing what becomes of them, though they are turned away, and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not flesh and blood like other people. No, to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes of them.’ ‘If you have any pity, any compassion,’ cries Jones, ‘I beg you will instantly tell me what hath happened to Sophia?’ ‘To be sure I have more pity for you than you have for me,’ answered Honour; ‘I don’t d—n you because you have lost the sweetest lady in the world. To be sure you are worthy to be pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too; for to be sure if ever there was a good mistress——’ ‘What hath happened?’ cries Jones, in almost a raving fit.——‘What?——What?’ said Honour, ‘why the worst that could have happened both for you and for me.——Her father is come to town, and hath carried her away from us both.’

Here

Here Jones fell on his knees in thanksgiving that it was no worse.—‘No worse!’ repeated Honour, ‘what could be worse for either of us? He carried her off, swearing she should marry Mr Blifil; that’s for your comfort; and for poor me, I am turned out of doors.’ ‘Indeed, Mrs Honour,’ answered Jones, ‘you frightened me out of my wits. I imagined some most dreadful sudden accident had happened to Sophia; something, compared to which, even the seeing her married to Blifil would be a trifle; but while there is life, there are hopes, dear Honour. Women in this land of liberty cannot be married by actual brutal force.’ ‘To be sure, Sir,’ said she, ‘that’s true. There may be some hopes for you, but alack-a-day! what hopes are there for poor me? And to be sure, Sir, you must be sensible I suffer all this upon your account. All the quarrel the squire hath to me, is for taking your part, as I have done, against Mr Blifil.’ ‘Indeed, Mrs Honour,’ answered he, ‘I am sensible of my obligations to you, and will leave nothing in my power undone to make you amends.’ ‘Alas, Sir,’ said she, ‘what can make a servant amends for the loss of one place, but the getting another altogether as good?’ ‘Do not despair, Mrs Honour,’ said Jones, ‘I hope to re-instate you again in the same.’ ‘Alack-a-day, Sir,’ said she, ‘how can I flatter myself with such hopes, when I know it’s a thing impossible? for the squire is so set against me: and yet if you should ever have my lady, as to be sure I now hopes heartily you will; for you are a generous good-natured gentleman, and I am sure you loves her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly as her own soul; it is a matter in vain to deny it; because as why, every body that is in the least acquainted

acquainted with my lady must see it ; for, poor dear lady, she can't dissemble ; and if two people who loves one another a'n't happy, why, who should be so ? Happiness don't always depend upon what people has ; besides, my lady has enough for both. To be sure, therefore, as one may say, it would be all the pity in the world to keep two such lovers asunder ; nay, I am convinced, for my part, you will meet together at last ; for if it is to be, there is no preventing it. If a marriage is made in heaven, all the justices of peace upon earth can't break it off. To be sure I wishes that Parson Supple had but a little more spirit to tell the squire of his wickedness in endeavouring to force his daughter contrary to her liking ; but then his whole dependence is on the squire, and so the poor gentleman, though he is a very religious good sort of man, and talks of the badness of such doings behind the squire's back, yet he dares not say his soul is his own to his face. To be sure I never saw him make so bold as just now ; I was afraid the squire would have struck him.—I would not have your Honour be melancholy, Sir, nor despair ; things may go better, as long as you are sure of my lady, and that I am certain you may be ; for she never will be brought to consent to marry any other man. Indeed, I am terribly afraid the squire will do her a mischief in his passion ; for he is a prodigious passionate gentleman, and I am afraid too the lady will be brought to break her heart, for she is as tender-hearted as a chicken : it is pity, methinks, she had not a little of my courage. If I was in love with a young man, and my father offered to lock me up, I'd tear his eyes out but I'd come at him. But then there's a great fortune in the case, which it is in her

her

her father's power either to give her or not ; that, to be sure, may make some difference.'

Whether Jones gave strict attention to all the foregoing harangue, or whether it was for want of any vacancy in the discourse, I cannot determine ; but he never once attempted to answer, nor did she once stop, till Partridge came running into the room, and informed him that the great lady was upon the stairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any acquaintance that subsisted between him and Lady Bellaſton, and she was almost the last person in the world to whom he would have communicated it. In this hurry and distress he took (as is common enough) the worst course, and instead of exposing her to the lady, which would have been of little consequence, he chose to expose the lady to her ; he therefore resolved to hide Honour, whom he had but just time to convey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged on account of his poor landlady and her family, the terrors occasioned by Mrs Honour, and the confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden arrival of Lady Bellaſton, had altogether driven former thoughts out of his head ; so that it never once occurred to his memory to act the part of a sick man, which indeed neither the gaiety of his dress, nor the freshness of his countenance, would have at all supported.

He received her Ladyship, therefore, rather agreeably to her desires, than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muster in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the least disorder.

Lady

Lady Bellaſton no ſooner entered the room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the bed: ‘So, my dear Jones,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from you all day; for I perceive your diſtemper would have ſuffered you to come abroad: nay, I ſuppoſe you have not ſat in your chamber all day dressed up like a fine lady to ſee company after a lying-in; but however, don’t think I intend to ſcold you; for I never will give you an excuſe for the cold behaviour of a huſband, by putting on the ill-humours of a wife.’

‘Nay, Lady Bellaſton,’ ſaid Jones, ‘I am ſure your Ladyſhip will not upbraid me with neglect of duty, when I only waited for orders. Who, my dear creature, hath reaſon to complain? Who miſſed an appointment laſt night, and left an unhappy man to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and languish?’

‘Do not mention it, my dear Mr Jones,’ cried ſhe. ‘If you knew the occaſion, you would pity me. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what women of condition are obliged to ſuffer, from the impertinence of fools, in order to keep up the farce of the world. I am glad, however, all your languishing and wiſhing have done you no harm, for you never looked better in your life. Upon my faith! Jones, you might at this inſtant fit for the picture of Adoniſ.’

There are certain words of provocation, which men of honour hold can only properly be answered by a blow. Among lovers poſſibly there may be ſome expreſſions which can only be answered by a kiſs. The compliment which Lady Bellaſton now made Jones ſeems to be of this kind, eſpecially as it

it was attended with a look in which the lady conveyed more soft ideas than it was possible to express with her tongue.

Jones was certainly at this instant in one of the most disagreeable and distressed situations imaginable; for, to carry on the comparison we made use of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could not receive satisfaction, nor so much as offer to ask it, in the presence of a third person; seconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to Lady Bellauston, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herself, she waited some time in great astonishment for an answer from Jones, who, conscious of the ridiculous figure he made, stood at a distance, and not daring to give the proper answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this scene would have been; if it had lasted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times; had got up from the bed and sat down again, while Jones was wishing the ground to sink under him, or the house to fall on his head, when an odd accident freed him from an embarrassment, out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politics of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter disgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale dead drunk; or rather in that state of drunkenness which deprives men of the use of their reason, without depriving them of the use of their limbs.

Mrs Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was smoking his pipe by the kitchen-fire; so that he arrived at Mr Jones's chamber-

door without any interruption. This he burst open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones started from his seat, and ran to oppose him, which he did so effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to see who was sitting on the bed.

Nightingale had in reality mistaken Jones's apartment for that in which himself had lodged; he therefore strongly insisted on coming in, often swearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the hands of Partridge, whom the noise on the stairs soon summoned to his master's assistance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment, where, at the very instant of his entrance, he heard Lady Bellafton venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one, and, at the same time, saw her flinging herself into a chair in a vast agitation, which, in a lady of a tender constitution, would have been an hysterical fit.

In reality, the lady, frightened with the struggle between the two men, of which she did not know what would be the issue, as she heard Nightingale swear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which, to her great confusion, she found already occupied by another.

‘Is this usage to be borne, Mr Jones?’ cries the lady.—‘Basest of men!—What wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?’ ‘Wretch!’ cries Honour, bursting in a violent rage from her place of concealment.—‘Marry come up:—Wretch forsooth!—as poor a wretch as I am,

am, I am honest ; that is more than some folks who are richer can say.'

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the edge of Mrs Honour's resentment, as a more experienced gallant would have done, fell to cursing his stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate man in the world ; and presently after, addressing himself to Lady Bellafton, he fell to some very absurd protestations of innocence. By this time the lady having recovered the use of her reason, which she had as ready as any woman in the world, especially on such occasions, calmly replied, ' Sir, you need make no apologies, I see now who the person is ; I did not at first know Mrs Honour ; but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you ; and I am sure she is a woman of too good sense to put any wrong constructions upon my visit to you ; I have been always her friend, and it may be in my power to be much more so hereafter.'

Mrs Honour was altogether as placable as she was passionate. Hearing therefore Lady Bellafton assume the soft tone, she likewise softened her's.—' I'm sure, Madam,' says she, ' I have been always ready to acknowledge your Ladyship's friendship to me : sure I never had so good a friend as your Ladyship—and to be sure, now I see it is your Ladyship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my tongue off for very mad.—I constructions upon your Ladyship!—to be sure, it doth not become a servant, as I am, to think about such a great lady—I mean, I was a servant ; for indeed I am no body's servant now ; the more miserable wretch is me.—I have lost the best mistress '—Here Honour thought fit to produce a shower of tears.—' Don't cry, child,' says the

good lady, ' ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to-morrow morning.' She then took up her fan which lay on the ground, and, without even looking at Jones, walked very majestically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aspire to attain to, in circumstances of this nature.

Jones followed her down stairs, often offering her his hand, which she absolutely refused him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him, as he stood bowing before her.

At his return up stairs, a long dialogue passed between him and Mrs Honour, while she was adjusting herself after the discomposure she had undergone. The subject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which she enlarged with great bitterness: but Jones at last found means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a promise of most inviolable secrecy, and that she would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a farther account of the proceedings of the squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure, to the satisfaction only of Mrs Honour; for a secret (as some of my readers will perhaps acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable possession; and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it comes to the ears of every one, except the ignorant person, who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Short and sweet.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the obligations she had received from Jones, Mrs Miller could not forbear in the morning some gentle remonstrances for the hurricane which had happened the preceding night in his chamber. These were, however, so gentle and so friendly, professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr Jones himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the admonition of the good woman, expressed much concern for what had passed, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same disturbances into the house.

But though Mrs Miller did not refrain from a short expostulation in private at their first meeting; yet the occasion of his being summoned down stairs that morning was of a much more agreeable kind; being indeed to perform the office of father to Miss Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr Nightingale, who was now already dressed, and full as sober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be who receives a wife in so imprudent a manner.

And here, perhaps, it may be proper to account for the escape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have seen him the night before.

Now, when the uncle had arrived at his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own inclinations, (for he dearly loved his bottle), and

partly to disqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpose, he ordered wine to be set on the table; with which he so heartily plied the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of disobedience, or of want of complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a messenger arrived with a piece of news, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that he in a moment lost all consideration for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This sudden and afflicting news was no less than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almost the first moment of his absence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; against whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to her father; and so artfully had she managed, that it never had been once suspected by any, till now that it was consummated.

Old Mr Nightingale no sooner received this account, than, in the utmost confusion, he ordered a post-chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his nephew to the care of a servant, he directly left the house, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle being thus departed, when the servant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, insisted on

a chair

a chair being called : with this the servant, who had received no strict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus, being conducted back to the house of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr Jones's chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed, (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner), and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr Jones, Mr Nightingale, and his love, stepped into a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to Doctor's Commons; where Miss Nancy was, in vulgar language, soon made an honest woman, and the poor mother became, in the purest sense of the word, one of the happiest of all human beings.

And now, Mr Jones having seen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy conclusion, began to apply himself to to his own concerns. But here, lest many of my readers should censure his folly for thus troubling himself with the affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very considerable interest in bringing it to that final consummation.

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in as great proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not, therefore, be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy,

joy, without conveying great felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

Those readers who are of the same complexion with him, will perhaps think this short chapter contains abundance of matter, while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared, as impertinent to the main design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr Jones to the gallows, or, if possible, to a more deplorable catastrophe.

## CH A P. IX.

*Containing love-letters of several sorts.*

**M**R Jones, at his return home, found the following letters lying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were sent.

### L E T T E R I.

‘ Surely I am under some strange infatuation; I  
 ‘ cannot keep my resolutions a moment, however  
 ‘ strongly made, or justly founded. Last night I  
 ‘ resolved never to see you more; this morning I  
 ‘ am willing to hear if you can, as you say, clear  
 ‘ up this affair: and yet I know that to be impos-  
 ‘ sible. I have said every thing to myself which  
 ‘ you can invent.—Perhaps not. Perhaps your in-  
 ‘ vention is stronger. Come to me therefore the  
 ‘ moment you receive this. If you can forge an  
 ‘ excuse, I almost promise you to believe it. Be-  
 ‘ trayed to—I will think no more.—Come to  
 ‘ me

'me directly.—This is the third letter I have writ;  
'the two former are burnt;—I am almost inclin-  
'ed to burn this too.—I wish I may preserve  
'my senses.—Come to me presently.'

## LETTER II.

'If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even  
'suffered within my doors, come to me this in-  
'stant.'

## LETTER III.

'I now find you was not at home when my  
'notes came to your lodgings.—The moment you  
'receive this, let me see you.—I shall not stir  
'out; nor shall any body be let in but yourself.  
'Sure nothing can detain you long.'

Jones had just read over these three billets, when  
Mr Nightingale came into the room. 'Well,  
Tom,' said he, 'any news from Lady Bellafton,  
after last night's adventure?' (for it was now  
no secret to any one in the house who the lady  
was). 'The Lady Bellafton?' answered Jones,  
very gravely—'Nay, dear Tom,' cries Nightin-  
gale, 'don't be so reserved to your friends.—  
Though I was too drunk to see her last night, I  
saw her at the masquerade. Do you think I am  
ignorant who the queen of the fairies is?' 'And  
did you really then know the lady at the masquer-  
ade?' said Jones. 'Yes, upon my soul did I,'  
said Nightingale, 'and have given you twenty  
hints of it since, though you seemed always so  
tender on that point, that I would not speak plain-  
ly. I fancy, my friend, by your extreme nicety  
in

in this matter, you are not so well acquainted with the character of the lady, as with her person.—Don't be angry, Tom; but upon my honour you are not the first young fellow she hath debauched. Her reputation is in no danger, believe me.'

Though Jones had no reason to imagine the lady to have been of the vestal kind when this amour began, yet, as he was thoroughly ignorant of the town, and had very little acquaintance in it, he had yet no knowledge of that character which is vulgarly called a demirep, that is to say, a woman that intrigues with every man she likes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and who, though some over-nice ladies will not be seen with her, is visited (as they term it) by the whole town: in short, whom every body knows to be what no body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto observed was not quite necessary on the occasion, he gave a latitude to his friend's tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other instances, was rather too effeminate in his disposition, had a pretty strong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full liberty of speaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which, as it contained many particulars highly to her dishonour, we have too great a tenderness for all women of condition to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application, and of forcing us to be, against our will, the author

thor of scandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to say, fetched a deep sigh; which the other observing, cried, 'Heyday! why, thou art not in love, I hope? Had I imagined my stories would have affected you, I promise you should never have heard them.' 'O my dear friend,' cries Jones, 'I am so entangled with this woman, that I know not how to extricate myself. In love indeed? No, my friend, but I am under obligations to her, and very great ones. Since you know so much, I will be very explicit with you. It is owing, perhaps, solely to her, that I have not before this wanted a bit of bread. How can I possibly desert such a woman? and yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the blackest treachery to one who deserves infinitely better of me than she can: a woman, my Nightingale, for whom I have a passion which few can have an idea of. I am half-distracted with doubts how to act.' 'And is this other, pray, an honourable mistress?' cries Nightingale. 'Honourable!' answered Jones; 'no breath ever yet durst sully her reputation. The sweetest air is not purer, the limpid stream not clearer than her honour. She is all over, both in mind and body, consummate perfection. She is the most beautiful creature in the universe, and yet she is mistress of such noble, elevated qualities, that though she is never from my thoughts, I scarce ever think of her beauty but when I see it.'——'And can you, my good friend,' cries Nightingale, 'with such an engagement as this upon your hands, hesitate a moment about quitting such a——.' 'Hold,' said Jones, 'no more abuse of her; I detest the thought of ingratitude.' 'Pooh!'

‘Pooh!’ answered the other, ‘you are not the first upon whom she hath conferred obligations of this kind. She is remarkably liberal where she likes; though, let me tell you, her favours are so prudently bestowed, that they should rather raise a man’s vanity than his gratitude.’—In short, Nightingale proceeded so far on this head, and told his friend so many stories of the lady, which he swore to the truth of, that he entirely removed all esteem for her from the breast of Jones, and his gratitude was lessened in proportion. Indeed he began to look on all the favours he had received, rather as wages than benefits, which not only depreciated her, but himself too, in his own conceit, and put him quite out of humour with both. From this disgust, his mind, by a natural transition, turned towards Sophia; her virtue, her purity, her love to him, her sufferings on his account, filled all his thoughts, and made his commerce with Lady Bellafton appear still more odious.—The result of all was, that though his turning himself out of her service, in which light he now saw his affair with her, would be the loss of his bread, yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome pretence; which having communicated to his friend, Nightingale considered a little, and then said, ‘I have it, my boy! I have found out a sure method: propose marriage to her, and I would venture hanging upon the success.’ ‘Marriage!’ cried Jones. ‘Ay, propose marriage,’ answered Nightingale, ‘and she will declare off in a moment. I knew a young fellow whom she kept formerly, who made the offer to her in earnest, and was presently turned off for his pains.’

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. ‘Perhaps,’ said he, ‘she may be less shocked

shocked at this proposal from one man than from another : and if she should take me at my word, where am I then ? caught in my own trap, and undone for ever.' 'No,' answered Nightingale : 'not if I can give you an expedient, by which you may, at any time, get out of the trap.'— 'What expedient can that be ?' replied Jones.— 'This,' answered Nightingale. 'The young fellow I mentioned, who is one of the most intimate acquaintances I have in the world, is so angry with her for some ill offices she hath since done him, that I am sure, he would, without any difficulty, gave you a sight of her letters ; upon which you may decently break with her, and declare off before the knot is tied, if she should really be willing to tie it, which I am convinced she will not.'

After some hesitation, Jones, upon the strength of this assurance, consented ; but as he swore he wanted the confidence to propose the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated.

'MADAM,

'I AM extremely concerned that, by an unfortunate engagement abroad, I should have missed receiving the honour of your Ladyship's commands the moment they came ; and the delay which I must now suffer of vindicating myself to your Ladyship, greatly adds to this misfortune. O Lady Bellaston, what a terror have I been in, for fear your reputation should be exposed by these perverse accidents ! There is one only way to secure it. I need not name what that is : only permit me to say, that as your honour is as dear to me as my own ; so my sole ambition is to have the glory of laying my liberty

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‘at your feet; and believe me, when I assure you,  
 ‘I can never be made completely happy, without  
 ‘you generously bestow on me a legal right of cal-  
 ‘ling you mine for ever. I am,

‘MADAM,

‘With most profound respect,

‘Your Ladyship’s most obliged,

‘obedient humble servant,

‘THOMAS JONES.’

To this she presently returned the following an-  
 swer.

‘SIR,

‘WHEN I read over your serious epistle, I could,  
 ‘from its coldness and formality, have  
 ‘sworn that you had already the legal right you  
 ‘mention; nay, that we had for many years com-  
 ‘posed that monstrous animal, a husband and wife.  
 ‘Do you really then imagine me a fool? or do  
 ‘you fancy yourself capable of so entirely persuad-  
 ‘ing me out of my senses, that I should deliver  
 ‘my whole fortune into your power, in order to  
 ‘enable you to support your pleasures at my ex-  
 ‘pence? Are these the proofs of love which I ex-  
 ‘pected? Is this the return for——? but I scorn  
 ‘to upbraid you, and am in great admiration of  
 ‘your profound respect.

‘P. S. I am prevented from revising.—Per-  
 ‘haps I have said more than I meant.—Come  
 ‘to me at eight this evening.’

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied :

‘MADAM,

‘IT is impossible to express how much I am shock-  
 ‘ed at the suspicion you entertain of me. Can

‘Lady

‘ Lady Bellaſton have conferred favours on a man  
‘ whom ſhe could believe capable of ſo baſe a de-  
‘ ſign? or can ſhe treat the moſt ſolemn tie of love  
‘ with contempt? Can you imagine, Madam, that  
‘ if the violence of my paſſion, in an unguarded  
‘ moment, overcame the tenderneſs which I have  
‘ for your honour, that I would think of indulging  
‘ myſelf in the continuance of an intercourſe which  
‘ could not poſſibly eſcape long the notice of the  
‘ world, and which, when diſcovered, muſt prove  
‘ ſo fatal to your reputation? If ſuch be your o-  
‘ pinion of me, I muſt pray for a ſudden opportunity  
‘ of returning thoſe pecuniary obligations which I  
‘ have been ſo unfortunate to receive at your hands;  
‘ and for thoſe of a more tender kind I ſhall ever re-  
‘ main,’ &c. And ſo concluded in the very words  
with which he had concluded the former letter.

The lady answered as follows :

‘ I ſee you are a villain, and I deſpiſe you from my  
‘ ſoul. If you come here, I ſhall not be at home.’

Though Jones was well ſatiſfied with his de-  
liverance from a thraldom, which thoſe who have  
ever experienced it will, I apprehend, allow to be  
none of the lighteſt, he was not, however, per-  
fectly eaſy in his mind. There was in this ſcheme  
too much of fallacy to ſatiſfy one who utterly de-  
teſted every ſpecies of falſehood or diſhoneſty; nor  
would he, indeed, have ſubmitted to put it in  
practice, had he not been involved in a diſtreſſful  
ſituation, where he was obliged to be guilty of  
ſome diſhonour, either to the one lady or the other :  
and ſurely the reader will allow, that every good  
E 2 principle,

principle, as well as love, pleaded strongly in favour of Sophia.

Nightingale highly exulted in the success of his stratagem, upon which he received many thanks, and much applause, from his friend. He answered, 'Dear Tom, we have conferred very different obligations on each other. To me you owe the regaining your liberty; to you I owe the loss of mine: but if you are as happy in the one instance as I am in the other, I promise you, we are the two happiest fellows in England.'

The two gentlemen were now summoned down to dinner, where Mrs Miller, who performed herself the office of cook, had exerted her best talents to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumstance she ascribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones; her whole soul was fired with gratitude towards him, and all her looks, words, and actions, were so busied in expressing it, that her daughter, and even her new son-in-law, were very little the objects of her consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enough in this chapter, we shall communicate the contents in our next.

## CHAP. X.

*Consisting partly of facts, and partly of observations upon them.*

THE letter, then, which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter, was from Mr Allworthy; and the purport of it was his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Blifil,

fil, and a desire to be accommodated with his usual lodgings, which were the first floor for himself, and the second for his nephew.

The chearfulness which had before displayed itself in the countenance of the poor woman, was a little clouded on this occasion. This news did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a match with her daughter, by presently turning her new son-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one hand; and, on the other, she could scarce bear the thoughts of making any excuse to Mr Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which were indeed strictly his due; for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberless benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous people. He contrived on all occasions to hide his beneficence, not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He constantly used the words *lend* and *pay*, instead of *give*; and, by every other method he could invent, always lessened with his tongue the favours he conferred, while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he settled the annuity of 50 l. a-year, therefore, on Mrs Miller, he told her, 'It was in consideration of always having her first floor when he was in town, (which he scarce ever intended to be), but that she might let it at any other time, for he would always send her a month's warning.' He was now, however, hurried to town so suddenly, that he had no opportunity of giving such notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty: for he would most certainly have been well satisfied to

have relinquished them on a less sufficient excuse than what Mrs Miller could have made.

But there are a sort of persons who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by something

*Beyond the fix'd and settled rules  
Of vice and virtue in the schools ;  
Beyond the letter of the law.*

To these, it is so far from being sufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old Bailey, that they are not even contented, though conscience, the severest of all judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the fair and honourable, will satisfy the delicacy of their minds ; and if any of their actions fall short of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a murderer, who is afraid of a ghost, or of the hangman.

Mrs Miller was one of these. She could not conceal her uneasiness at this letter ; with the contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the company, and given some hints of her distress, than Jones, her good angel, presently relieved her anxiety. ‘ As for myself, madam,’ said he, ‘ my lodging is at your service at a moment’s warning ; and Mr Nightingale, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a house fit to receive his lady, will consent to return to his new lodging, whither Mrs Nightingale will certainly consent to go.’ With which proposal both husband and wife instantly agreed.

The reader will easily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones ; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr Jones having,  
in

in his last speech, called her daughter Mrs Nightingale, (it being the first time that agreeable sound had ever reached her ears), gave the fond mother more satisfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having dissipated her present anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new-married couple, and of Mr Jones, who was likewise to be provided for in the same house with his friend. And now the serenity of the company was again restored, and they passed the day in the utmost cheerfulness, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their mirth, felt many a bitter pang on the account of his Sophia, which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr Blifil's coming to town, (for he clearly saw the intention of his journey); and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs Honour, who had promised to inquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had disappointed him.

In the situation that he and his mistress were in at this time, there were scarce any grounds for him to hope that he should hear any good news; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs Honour, as if he had expected she would bring him a letter with an assignation in it from Sophia, and bore the disappointment as ill. Whether this impatience arose from that natural weakness of the human mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders uncertainty the most intolerable of pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the powers exercised by this passion over our minds, one of the most wonderful is that of  
supporting

supporting hope in the midst of despair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay impossibilities, are quite overlooked by it; so that to any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addison says of Cæsar,

*The Alps, and Pyreneans, sink before him.*

Yet it is equally true, that the same passion will sometimes make mountains of mole-hills, and produce despair in the midst of hope; but these cold fits last not long in good constitutions. Which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to guess, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two hours in expectation, when, being unable any longer to conceal his uneasiness, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almost made him frantic, when the following letter was brought him from Mrs Honour, with which we shall present our reader *verbatim et literatim*.

‘ S I R,

‘ I SHUD fartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too  
 ‘ mi promiss, haddunt itt bin that hur lashipp  
 ‘ prevent mee; for too bee sur, Sir, you nose very  
 ‘ well that evere persun must luk furst at ome, and  
 ‘ fartenly such anuther offar mite not ave ever hap-  
 ‘ ned, so as I shud ave been justly to blam, had I  
 ‘ not excepted of it when her lashipp was so veri  
 ‘ kind as to offar to mak mee ur one uman, with-  
 ‘ out me ever asking any such thing; to bee sur  
 ‘ shee is won of thee best ladis in thee wurld, and  
 ‘ pepil who safe to the kontrari must bee veri wi-  
 ‘ ket pepil in thare harts. To be sur, if ever I  
 ‘ ave said ani thing of that kine, it as bin thru ig-  
 ‘ norens, and I am hartili sorri for it. I nose  
 ‘ ure onur to be a genteelman of more onur and  
 ‘ onesty,

' onesty, if I ever said ani such thing, to repete it  
 ' to hurt a pore sarvant that as alwais ad thee grat-  
 ' est respect in thee wurd for ure onur. To bee  
 ' fur won shud kepe wons tung within wons teeth,  
 ' for no boddi nose what may hapen; and too bee  
 ' fur if ani boddi ad told mee yesterday that I shud  
 ' haf bin in so gud a plase to day, I shud not haf  
 ' beleaved it; for too bee fur I never ood a dremd  
 ' of ani such thing, nor shud I ever haf soft after  
 ' ani other bodi's plase; but as her lashipp was so  
 ' kine of her one a cord too give it mee without  
 ' askin, to be fur Mrs Etoff herself, nor no other  
 ' boddi, can blam mee for exceptin such a thing  
 ' when it fals in mi way. I beg ure onur not too  
 ' menthion ani thing of what I haf said, for I  
 ' wish ure onur all thee gud luk in thee wurd,  
 ' and I don't cuestion butt thatt u will haf Madam  
 ' Sofia in the end; butt als to miself, ure onur  
 ' nose I can't bee of ani farder sarvis to u in that  
 ' matar, nou bein under thee cummand off an-  
 ' uther parson, and nott mi one mistres. I beg ure  
 ' onur to say nothing of what past, and believe  
 ' me to be, Sir,

' Ure onur's umble sarvant

' To cummand till deth,

' HONOUR BLACKMORE.'

Various were the conjectures which Jones en-  
 tertained on this step of Lady Bellaſton, who in  
 reality had little farther design than to ſecure  
 within her own houſe the repository of a ſecret,  
 which ſhe choſe ſhould make no farther progreſs  
 than it had made already; but moſtly ſhe deſired  
 to keep it from the ears of Sophia; for though  
 that young lady was almoſt the only one who  
 would never have repeated it again, her Ladyſhip  
 could

could not persuade herself of this, since, as she now hated poor Sophia with a most implacable hatred, she conceived a reciprocal hatred to herself to be lodged in the tender breast of our heroine, where no such passion had ever yet found an entrance.

While Jones was terrifying himself with the apprehension of a thousand dreadful machinations, and deep political designs, which he imagined to be at the bottom of the promotion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter enemy to his match with Sophia, tried a new method to put a final end to it, by throwing a temptation in the way of Jones, which, in his present desperate situation, it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

#### C H A P. XI.

*Containing curious, but not unprecedented matter.*

THERE was a lady, one Mrs Hunt, who had often seen Jones at the house where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the women there, and indeed a very great friend to Mrs Miller. Her age was about thirty; for she owned six and twenty; her face and person very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her relations to an old Turkey merchant, who having got a great fortune, had left off trade. With him she lived without reproach, but not without pain, in a state of great self-denial, for about twelve years, and her virtue was rewarded by his dying and leaving her very rich. The first year of her widowhood was just at an end, and she had passed it in a good deal of retirement,

retirement, seeing only a few particular friends, and dividing her time between her devotions and novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good health, a very warm constitution, and and a great deal of religion, made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again, and she resolved to please herself in her second husband, as she had done her friends in the first. From her the following billet was brought to Jones.

‘ S I R,

‘ FROM the first day I saw you, I doubt my eyes  
‘ have told you too plainly that you were not  
‘ indifferent to me; but neither my tongue nor  
‘ my hand should have ever avowed it, had not  
‘ the ladies of the family where you are lodged  
‘ given me such a character of you, and told me  
‘ such proofs of your virtue and goodness, as con-  
‘ vince me you are not only one of the most a-  
‘ greeable, but the most worthy of men. I have  
‘ also the satisfaction to hear from them, that  
‘ neither my person, understanding, or character,  
‘ are disagreeable to you. I have a fortune suffi-  
‘ cient to make us both happy, but which cannot  
‘ make me so without you. In thus disposing of  
‘ myself, I know I shall incur the censure of the  
‘ world; but if I did not love you more than I  
‘ fear the world, I should not be worthy of you.  
‘ One only difficulty stops me; I am informed  
‘ you are engaged in a commerce of gallantry  
‘ with a woman of fashion. If you think it worth  
‘ while to sacrifice that to the possession of me, I  
‘ am yours; if not, forget my weakness, and let  
‘ this remain an eternal secret between you and

‘ ARABELLA HUNT.’

At

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the source being stopt from which hitherto he had been supplied. Of all he had received from Lady Bellafton, not above five guineas remained; and that very morning he had been dunned by a tradesman for twice that sum. His honourable mistress was in the hands of her father, and he had scarce any hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be subsisted at her expence from that little fortune she had independent of her father, went much against the delicacy both of his pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have been exceedingly convenient to him, and he could have no objection to her in any respect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any woman, except Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impossible: he could not think of it upon any account. Yet why should he not, since it was plain she could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeless passion for him? Ought he not to do so in friendship to her? This notion prevailed some moments, and he had almost determined to be false to her, from a high point of honour; but that refinement was not able to stand long against the voice of Nature, which cried in his heart, that such friendship was treason to love. At last he called for pen, ink, and paper, and writ as follows to Mrs Hunt.

‘MADAM,

‘IT would be but a poor return to the favour you  
 ‘I have done me, to sacrifice any gallantry to  
 ‘the possession of you, and I would certainly do  
 ‘it, though I were not disengaged, as at present  
 ‘I am,

‘ I am, from any affair of that kind. But I should  
 ‘ not be the honest man you think me, if I did  
 ‘ not tell you, that my affections are engaged to  
 ‘ another, who is a woman of virtue, and one that  
 ‘ I never can leave, though it is probable I shall  
 ‘ never possess her. God forbid, that, in return  
 ‘ of your kindness to me, I should do you such an  
 ‘ injury, as to give you my hand, when I cannot  
 ‘ give my heart. No, I had much rather starve,  
 ‘ than be guilty of that. Even though my mis-  
 ‘ tress were married to another, I would not mar-  
 ‘ ry you unless my heart had entirely effaced all  
 ‘ impressions of her. Be assured that your secret  
 ‘ was not more safe in your own breast, than in  
 ‘ that of

‘ Your most obliged, and  
 ‘ Grateful humble servant,  
 ‘ T. JONES.’

When our hero had finished and sent this letter, he went to his scrutore, took out Miss Western’s muff, kissed it several times, and then strutted some turns about his room, with more satisfaction of mind than ever any Irishman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thousand pounds.

## C H A P. XII.

*A discovery made by Partridge.*

WHILE Jones was exulting in the consciousness of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room, as was his custom, when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been dispatched that morning by his master, with orders to endeavour, by the servants of Lady Bel-  
 VOL. IV. F laston,

laston, or by any other means, to discover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and, with a joyful countenance, told our hero, that he had found the lost bird. 'I have seen, Sir,' says he, 'Black George the gamekeeper, who is one of the servants whom the squire hath brought with him to town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several years; but you know, Sir, he is a very remarkable man, or, to use a purer phrase, he hath a most remarkable beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some time, however, before Black George could recollect me.'—'Well, but what is your good news?'—cries Jones, 'what do you know of my Sophia?'—'You shall know, presently, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I am coming to it as fast as I can.—You are so impatient, Sir, you would come at the infinitive mood, before you can get to the imperative. As I was saying, Sir, it was some time before he recollected my face.'—'Confound your face,' cries Jones; 'what of my Sophia?'—'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I know nothing more of Madam Sophia than what I am going to tell you; and I should have told you all before this, if you had not interrupted me; but if you look so angry at me, you will frighten all of it out of my head, or, to use a purer phrase, out of my memory. I never saw you look so angry since the day we left Upton, which I shall remember if I was to live a thousand years.'—'Well, pray, go on in your own way,' said Jones; 'you are resolved to make me mad, I find.' 'Not for the world,' answered Partridge, 'I have suffered enough for that already; which, as I said, I shall bear in my remembrance the longest day I have to live.'—'Well, but, Black George?' cries Jones.—  
'Well,

‘ Well, Sir, as I was saying, it was a long time before he could recollect me ; for indeed I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non sum qualis eram.* I have had troubles in the world ; and nothing alters a man so much as grief. I have heard it will change the colour of a man’s hair in a night. However, at last, know me he did, that’s sure enough ; for we are both of an age, and were in the same charity-school. George was a great dunce, but no matter for that ; all men do not thrive in the world according to their learning. I am sure I have reason to say so ; but it will be all one a thousand years hence. Well, Sir—where was I?—C—well, we no sooner knew each other, than, after many hearty shakes by the hand, we agreed to go to an alehouse and take a pot ; and by good luck the beer was some of the best I have met with since I have been in town.—Now, Sir, I am coming to the point ; for no sooner did I name you, and told him that you and I came to town together, and had lived together ever since, than he called for another pot, and swore he would drink to your health ; and indeed he drank your health so heartily, that I was overjoyed to see there was so much gratitude left in the world : and after we had emptied that pot, I said I would be my pot too, and so we drank another to your health ; and then I made haste home to tell you the news.’

‘ What news ?’ cries Jones ; ‘ you have not mentioned a word of my Sophia !’—‘ Bless me ! I had like to have forgot that. Indeed we mentioned a great deal about young Madam Western, and George told me all ; that Mr Blifil is coming to town in order to be married to her.—He had best make haste then, says I, or somebody will have her before he comes ; and indeed, says I, Mr Sea-

grim, it is a thousand pities somebody should not have her; for he certainly loves her above all the women in the world. I would have both you and she know, that it is not for her fortune he follows her; for I can assure you as to matter of that, there is another lady, one of much greater quality and fortune than she can pretend to, who is so fond of somebody, that she comes after him day and night.'

Here Jones fell into a passion with Partridge, for having, as he said, betrayed him; but the poor fellow answered, he had mentioned no name: 'Besides, Sir,' said he, 'I can assure you George is sincerely your friend, and wished Mr Blifil at the devil more than once; nay, he said he would do any thing in his power upon earth to serve you; and so I am convinced he will.—Betray you indeed! why, I question whether you have a better friend than George upon earth, except myself, or one that would go farther to serve you.'

'Well,' says Jones, a little pacified, 'you say this fellow, who, I believe indeed is enough inclined to be my friend, lives in the same house with Sophia?'

'In the same house!' answered Partridge; 'why, Sir, he is one of the servants of the family, and very well dressed I promise you he is; if it was not for his black beard, you would hardly know him.'

'One service then, at least, he may do me,' says Jones; 'sure he certainly can convey a letter to my Sophia.'

'You have hit the nail *ad unguem*,' cries Partridge: 'How came I not to think of it? I will engage he shall do it upon the very first mentioning.'

'Well

‘Well then,’ said Jones, ‘do you leave me at present, and I will write a letter which you shall deliver to him to-morrow morning; for I suppose you know where to find him.’

‘O yes, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘I shall certainly find him again; there is no fear of that. The liquor is too good for him to stay away long. I make no doubt but he will be there every day he stays in town.’

‘So you don’t know the street then where my Sophia is lodged?’ cries Jones.

‘Indeed, Sir, I do,’ says Partridge.

‘What is the name of the street?’ cries Jones.

‘The name, Sir? why here, Sir, just by,’ answered Partridge; ‘not above a street or two off. I don’t indeed know the very name; for as he never told me, if I had asked, you know it might have put some suspicion into his head. No, no, Sir, let me alone for that, I am too cunning for that, I promise you.’

‘Thou art most wonderfully cunning indeed,’ replied Jones; ‘however, I will write to my charmer, since I believe you will be cunning enough to find him to-morrow at the alehouse.’

And now having dismissed the sagacious Partridge, Mr Jones sat himself down to write, in which employment we shall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the fifteenth book.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.



BOOK XVI.

Containing the space of five days.

CHAP. I.

*Of prologues.*

I HAVE heard of a dramatic writer who used to say, he would rather write a play than a prologue: in like manner, I think I can with less pains write one of the books of this history, than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To say the truth, I believe many a hearty curse hath been devoted on the head of the author, who first instituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which at first was part of the piece itself, but of later years hath had usually so little connection with the drama before which it stands, that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other. Those indeed of more modern date, seem all to be written on the same three topics, viz. an abuse of the taste of the town, a commendation

commendation of all contemporary authors, and an eulogium on the performance just about to be represented. The sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great invention of authors, who have been capable of finding such various phrases to express the same thing.

In like manner, I apprehend some future historian, (if any one shall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much scratching his pate, bestow some good wishes on my memory, for having first established these several initial chapters; most of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this history as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other history as to this.

But, however authors may suffer by either of these inventions, the reader will find sufficient emolument in the one, as the spectator hath long found in the other.

First, it is well known, that the prologue serves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hissing, and to tune his cat-call to the best advantage; by which means, I have known those musical instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the first rising of the curtain.

The same advantages may be drawn from the chapters, in which the critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a whetstone to his noble spirit; so that he may fall, with a more hungry appetite for censure, on the history itself. And here his sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these chapters are calculated for that excellent purpose; for in these we have always taken care to intersperse somewhat

what of the sour or acid kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said spirit of criticism.

Again, the indolent reader, as well as spectator, finds great advantage from both these; for as they are not obliged either to see the one or read the other, and both the play and the book are thus protracted; by the former, they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to sit at dinner, and by the latter, they have the advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth page, instead of the first; a matter by no means of trivial consequence to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them; a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined, and from which, not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes, have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious, that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is, that they be short.

## C H A P. II.

*A whimsical adventure which befel the squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia.*

WE must now convey the reader to Mr Western's lodgings, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed by the recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde-Park-Corner; for at that inn, which was the first he saw on his arrival in town, he placed his horses, and in those lodgings,

lodgings, which were the first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here, when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach which brought her from the house of lady Bellaston, she desired to retire to the apartment provided for her, to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her consent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father, that after many bitter vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the closest state-prisoner, namely, fire and candle, the squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine, with his parson and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the squire said, would make an excellent third-man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went: for, to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the horses of many of the quality stand at his house.

In this agreeable society Mr Western passed that evening, and great part of the succeeding day, during which period nothing happened of sufficient consequence to find a place in this history. All this time Sophia passed by herself; for her father swore she should never come out of her chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry Blifil;  
nor

nor did he ever suffer the door to be unlocked unless to convey her food, on which occasions he always attended himself.

The second morning after his arrival, while he and the parson were at breakfast together on a toast and tankard, he was informed that a gentleman was below to wait on him.

‘A gentleman!’ quoth the squire, ‘who the devil can he be? Do, Doctor, go down, and see who ’tis. Mr Blifil can hardly be come to town yet.—Go down, do, and know what his business is.’

The doctor returned with an account that it was a very well-dressed man, and by the ribbon in his hat, he took him for an officer of the army; that he said he had some particular business, which he could deliver to none but Mr Western himself.

‘An officer!’ cries the squire, ‘what can any such fellow have to do with me? if he wants an order for baggage-waggons, I am no justice of peace here, nor can I grant a warrant.—Let un come up then, if he must speak to me.’

A very genteel man now entered the room; who, having made his compliments to the squire, and desired the favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows:

‘Sir, I come to wait upon you by the command of my Lord Fellamar; but with a very different message from what I suppose you expect, after what passed the other night.’

‘My Lord who?’ cries the squire, ‘I never heard the name o’un.’

‘His Lordship,’ said the gentleman, ‘is willing to impute every thing to the effect of liquor; and the most trifling acknowledgement of that kind will set every thing right; for as he hath the  
most

most violent attachment to your daughter, you, Sir, are the last person upon earth from whom he would resent an affront; and happy is it for you both, that he hath given such public demonstrations of his courage, as to be able to put up an affair of this kind, without danger of any imputation on his honour. All he desires, therefore, is, that you will before me make some acknowledgment; the slightest in the world will be sufficient: and he intends this afternoon to pay his respects to you, in order to obtain your leave of visiting the young lady on the footing of a lover.'

'I don't understand much of what you say, Sir,' said the squire; 'but I suppose by what you talk about my daughter, that this is the Lord which my cousin Lady Bellauston mentioned to me, and said something about his courting my daughter. If so be that how that be the case—you may give my service to his Lordship, and tell un the girl is disposed of already.'

'Perhaps, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'you are not sufficiently apprised of the greatness of this offer. I believe such a person, title, and fortune, would be nowhere refused.'

'Looke, Sir,' answered the squire, 'to be very plain, my daughter is bespoke already; but if she was not, I would not marry her to a Lord upon any account; I hate all Lords; they are a parcel of courtiers and Hanoverians, and I will have nothing to do with them.'

'Well, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'if that is your resolution, the message I am to deliver to you is, that my Lord desires the favour of your company this morning in Hyde-Park.'

'You may tell my Lord,' answered the squire, 'that I am busy, and cannot come. I have  
enough

enough to look after at home, and can't stir a-broad on any account.'

'I am sure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you are too much a gentleman, to send such a message; you will not, I am convinced, have it said of you, that, after having affronted a noble peer, you refuse him satisfaction. His Lordship would have been willing, from his great regard to the young lady, to have made up matters in another way; but unless he is to look upon you as a father, his honour will not suffer his putting up such an indignity as you must be sensible you offered him.'

'I offered him!' cries the squire; 'it is a d—n'd lie, I never offered him any thing.'

Upon these words the gentleman returned a very short verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the same time with some manual remonstrances, which no sooner reached the ears of Mr Western, than that worthy squire began to caper very briskly about the room, bellowing at the same time with all his might, as if desirous to summon a greater number of spectators to behold his agility.

The parson, who had left great part of the tankard unfinished, was not retired far: he immediately attended, therefore, on the squire's vociferation, crying, 'Bless me! Sir, what's the matter?'——'Matter!' quoth the squire, 'here's a highwayman, I believe, who wants to rob and murder me—for he hath fallen upon me with that stick there in his hand, when I wish I may be d—n'd if I gid un the least provocation.'

'How, Sir,' said the captain, 'did you not tell me I lied?'

'No, as I hope to be saved,' answered the squire. 'I believe I might say, 'Twas a lie that I had offered any affront to my Lord——But I never said the

the word, you lie.—I understand myself better, and you might have understood yourself better than to fall upon a naked man. If I had a stick in my hand, you would not have dared to strike me. I'd have knocked thy lantern jaws about thy ears. Come down into yard this minute, and I'll take a bout with thee at single stick for a broken head; that I will; or I will go into naked room, and box thee for a belly-full. At unt half a man, at unt, I'm sure.'

The captain, with some indignation, replied, 'I see, Sir, you are below my notice, and I shall inform his Lordship you are below his.—I am sorry I have dirtied my fingers with you.'—At which words he withdrew, the parson interposing to prevent the squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some efforts for the purpose, did not seem very violently bent on success. However, when the captain was departed, the squire sent many curses and some menaces after him; but as these did not set out from his lips till the officer was at the bottom of the stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at least did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia, however, who, in her prison, heard all her father's outcries from first to last, began now first to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to scream as loudly as the old gentleman himself had done before, though in a much sweeter voice. These screams soon silenced the squire, and turned all his considerations towards his daughter, whom he loved so tenderly, that the least apprehension of any harm happening to her, threw him presently into agonies; for, except in that single instance in which the whole future happiness

of her life was concerned, she was sovereign mistress of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage against the captain, with swearing he would take the law of him, the squire now mounted up stairs to Sophia, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathless. The moment, however, that she saw her father, she collected all her spirits, and catching hold of him by the hand, she cried passionately, 'O my dear Sir, I am almost frightened to death; I hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you.'——'No, no,' cries the squire, 'no great harm. The rascal hath not hurt me much: but rat me if I don't ha' the la o'un.' 'Pray, dear Sir,' says she, 'tell me what's the matter; who is it that hath insulted you?' 'I don't know the name o'un,' answered Western, 'some officer-fellow, I suppose, that we are to pay for beating us; but I'll make him pay this bout, if the rascal has got any thing, which I suppose he hath not. For thof he was drest out so vine, I question whether he had got a voot of land in the world.' 'But, dear Sir,' cries she, 'what was the occasion of your quarrel?' 'What should it be, Sophy,' answered the squire, 'but about you, Sophy? All my misfortunes are about you: you will be the death of your poor father at last. Here's a valet of a lord, the Lord knows who, forsooth! who hath ta'an a liking to you, and because I would not gi' un my consent, he sent me a kallenge. Come, do be a good girl, Sophy, and put an end to all your father's troubles; come do, consent to ha' un; he will be in town within this day or two; do but promise me to marry un as soon as he comes, and you will make me the happiest man in the world, and I will make you  
the

the happiest woman; you shall have the finest clothes in London, and the finest jewels, and a coach and six at your command. I promised Allworthy already to give up half my estate.——O—rabbit it! I should hardly stick at giving up the whole.’ ‘Will my papa be so kind,’ says she, ‘as to hear me speak?’——‘Why wout ask, Sophy?’ cries he, ‘when dost know I had rather hear thy voice than the music of the best pack of dogs in England.——Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I shall hear thee as long as I live; for if ever I was to lose that pleasure, I would not gee a brass varden to live a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do not know how I love you, indeed you don’t, or you never would have run away and left your poor father, who hath no other joy, no other comfort upon earth but his little Sophy.’ At these words the tears stood in his eyes, and Sophia (with the tears streaming from hers) answered, ‘Indeed, my dear papa, I know you have loved me tenderly, and Heaven is my witness how sincerely I have returned your affection; nor could any thing but an apprehension of being forced into the arms of this man, have driven me to run from a father, whom I love so passionately, that I would with pleasure sacrifice my life to his happiness; nay, I have endeavoured to reason myself into doing more, and had almost worked up a resolution to endure the most miserable of all lives, to comply with your inclination. It was that resolution alone to which I could not force my mind; nor can I ever.’ Here the squire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia observing, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: ‘If my father’s life, his health, or any real happiness of his was

at stake, here stands your resolved daughter ; may Heaven blast me, if there is a misery I would not suffer to preserve you.—No, that most detested, most loathsome of all lots would I embrace. I would give my hand to Blifil for your sake.’—— ‘ I tell thee, it will preserve me,’ answers the father ; ‘ it will gee me health, happiness, life, every thing.—Upon my soul I shall die if dost refuse me ; I shall break my heart, I shall, upon my soul.’—— ‘ Is it possible,’ says she, ‘ you can have such a desire to make me miserable ?’ ‘ I tell thee noa,’ answered he loudly, ‘ my whole desire is to make thee happy. Me ! d—n me if there is a thing upon earth I would not do to see thee happy.’—— ‘ And will not my dear papa allow me to have the least knowledge of what will make me so ? If it be true that happiness consists in opinion, what must be my condition, when I shall think myself the most miserable of all the wretches upon earth ?’ ‘ Better think yourself so,’ said he, ‘ than know it, by being married to a poor bastardy vagabond.’ ‘ If it will content you, Sir,’ said Sophia, ‘ I will give you the most solemn promise never to marry him, nor any other, while my papa lives, without his consent. Let me dedicate my whole life to your service ; let me be again your poor Sophy, and my whole business and pleasure be, as it hath been, to please and divert you.’ ‘ Lookee, Sophy,’ answered the squire, ‘ I am not to be choused in this manner. Your aunt Western would then have reason to think me the fool she doth. No, no, Sophy, I’d have you to know I have a got more wisdom, and know more of the world than to take the word of a woman in a matter where a man is concerned.’ ‘ How, Sir, have I deserved this want of confidence ?’

dence?" said she; 'have I ever broke a single promise to you? or have I ever been found guilty of a falsehood from my cradle?' 'Looke, Sophy,' cries he, 'that's neither here nor there. I am determined upon this match, and have him you shall, d—n me if that unt. D—n me if that unt, though dost hang thyself the next morning.' At repeating these words, he clenched his fist, knit his brows, bit his lips, and thundered so loud, that the poor, afflicted, terrified Sophia, sunk trembling into her chair; and had not a flood of tears come immediately to her relief, perhaps worse had followed.

Western beheld the deplorable condition of his daughter with no more contrition or remorse, than the turnkey of Newgate feels at viewing the agonies of a tender wife, when taking her last farewell of her condemned husband: or rather, he looked down on her with the same emotions which arise in an honest fair tradesman, who sees his debtor dragged to prison for 10 l., which, though a just debt, the wretch is wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the case still more nearly, he felt the same compunction with a bawd, when some poor innocent, whom she hath insnared into her hands, falls into fits at the first proposal of what is called seeing company. Indeed this resemblance would be exact, was it not that the bawd hath an interest in what she doth, and the father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwise, can in reality have none in urging his daughter to almost an equal prostitution.

In this condition he left his poor Sophia, and departing with a very vulgar observation on the effect of tears, he locked the room, and returned to the parson, who said every thing he durst in be-

half of the young lady, which though, perhaps, it was not quite so much as his duty required, yet was it sufficient to throw the squire into a violent rage, and into many indecent reflections on the whole body of the clergy, which we have too great an honour for that sacred function to commit to paper.

### C H A P. III.

*What happened to Sophia during her confinement.*

THE landlady of the house where the squire lodged, had begun very early to entertain a strange opinion of her guests. However, as she was informed that the squire was a man of a vast fortune, and as she had taken care to exact a very extraordinary price for her rooms, she did not think proper to give any offence: for though she was not without some concern for the confinement of poor Sophia, of whose great sweetness of temper and affability the maid of the house had made so favourable a report, which was confirmed by all the squire's servants, yet she had much more concern for her own interest, than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she perceived to be a very haughty kind of a gentleman.

Though Sophia eat but little, yet she was regularly served with her meals. Indeed, I believe, if she had liked any one rarity, that the squire, however angry, would have spared neither pains nor cost to have procured it for her, since, however strange it may appear to some of my readers, he really doated on his daughter, and to give her any kind of pleasure was the highest satisfaction of his life.

The

The dinner hour being arrived, Black George carried her up a pullet, the squire himself (for he had sworn not to part with the key) attending the door. As George deposited the dish, some compliments passed between him and Sophia, (for he had not seen her since she left the country, and she treated every servant with more respect than some persons shew to those who are in a very slight degree their inferiors.) Sophia would have had him take the pullet back, saying, she could not eat; but George begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the eggs, of which he said it was full.

All this time the squire was waiting at the door; but George was a great favourite with his master, as he was employed in concerns of the highest nature, namely, about the game, and was accustomed to take many liberties. He had officiously carried up the dinner, being, as he said, very desirous to see his young lady: he made, therefore, no scruple of keeping his master standing above ten minutes, while civilities were passing between him and Sophia; for which he received only a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he returned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheasants, &c. were, as George well knew, the most favourite dainties of Sophia. It was therefore no wonder that he, who was a very good-natured fellow, should take care to supply her with this kind of delicacy, at a time when all the servants in the house were afraid she would be starved; for she had scarce swallowed a single morsel in the last forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the same effect on all persons, as it usually hath on a widow, whose appetite

appetite it often renders sharper than it can be rendered by the air on Banstead Downs, or Salisbury Plain; yet the sublimest grief, notwithstanding what some people may say to the contrary, will eat at last. And Sophia herself, after some little consideration, began to dissect the fowl, which she found to be as full of eggs as George had reported it.

But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more: for if a fowl with three legs be so invaluable a curiosity, when, perhaps, time hath produced a thousand such, at what price shall we esteem a bird which so totally contradicts all the laws of animal oeconomy as to contain a letter in its belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus was metamorphosed, that bears letters on its leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation hath ever recorded a bird with a letter in its maw.

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitless inquiry; yet the reader, by barely recollecting the last dialogue which passed between Messieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very easily satisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found its passage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long fast, and notwithstanding her favourite dish was there before her, no sooner saw the letter, than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows:

‘MADAM,  
 ‘WAS I not sensible to whom I have the honour of writing, I should endeavour,  
 ‘however

‘ however difficult, to paint the horrors of my  
‘ mind at the account brought me by Mrs Honour : but as tenderness alone can have any true  
‘ idea of the pangs which tenderness is capable of  
‘ feeling, so can this most amiable quality, which  
‘ my Sophia possesses in the most eminent degree,  
‘ sufficiently inform her what her Jones must have  
‘ suffered on this melancholy occasion. Is there  
‘ a circumstance in the world which can heighten  
‘ my agonies when I hear of any misfortune which  
‘ hath befallen you ? Surely there is one only,  
‘ and with that I am accursed : it is, my Sophia,  
‘ the dreadful consideration that I am myself the  
‘ wretched cause. Perhaps, I here do myself too  
‘ much honour ; but none will envy me an honour  
‘ which costs me so extremely dear. Pardon me  
‘ this presumption, and pardon me a greater still,  
‘ if I ask you, whether my advice, my assistance,  
‘ my presence, my absence, my death, or my tortures, can bring you any relief ? Can the most  
‘ perfect admiration, the most watchful observance, the most ardent love, the most melting  
‘ tenderness, the most resigned submission to your  
‘ will, make you amends for what you are to sacrifice to my happiness ? If they can, fly, my  
‘ lovely angel, to those arms which are ever open  
‘ to receive and protect you, and to which, whether you bring yourself alone, or the riches  
‘ of the world with you, is, in my opinion,  
‘ an alternative not worth regarding. If, on the  
‘ contrary, wisdom shall predominate, and, on  
‘ the most mature reflection, inform you, that  
‘ the sacrifice is too great ; and if there be no way  
‘ left to reconcile you to your father, and restore  
‘ the peace of your dear mind, but by abandoning  
‘ me, I conjure you drive me for ever from your  
‘ thoughts ;

‘ thoughts ; exert your resolution, and let no compassion for my sufferings bear the least weight in that tender bosom. Believe me, Madam, I so sincerely love you better than myself, that my great and principal end is your happiness. My first wish (why should not Fortune indulge me in it ?) was, and pardon me if I say still is, to see you every moment the happiest of women ; and my second wish is to hear you are so : but no misery on earth can equal mine, while I think you owe an uneasy moment to him who is,

Madam,

‘ In every sense, and to every purpose,

‘ Your devoted

‘ THOMAS JONES.’

What Sophia said, or did, or thought upon this letter ; how often she read it, or whether more than once, shall all be left to our reader’s imagination. The answer to it he may perhaps see hereafter, but not at present ; for this reason, among others, that she did not now write any, and that for several good causes, one of which was this, she had no paper, pen, nor ink.

In the evening, while Sophia was meditating on the letter she had received, or on something else, a violent noise from below disturbed her meditations. This noise was no other than a round bout at altercation between two persons. One of the combatants, by his voice, she immediately distinguished to be her father ; but she did not so soon discover the shriller pipes to belong to the organ of her aunt Western, who was just arrived in town ; where having, by means of one of her servants, who stopt at the Hercules Pillars, learned

ed where her brother lodged, she drove directly to his lodgings.

We shall, therefore, take our leave at present of Sophia, and, with our usual good-breeding, attend her ladyship.

## C H A P. IV.

*In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement.*

THE squire and the parson (for the landlord was now otherwise engaged) were smoaking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was first signified. The squire no sooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up stairs: for he was a great observer of such ceremonials, especially to his sister, of whom he stood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himself.

Mrs. Western, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herself into a chair, began thus to harangue: 'Well, surely no one ever had such an intolerable journey. I think the roads, since so many turnpike acts, are grown worse than ever. La, brother, how could you get into this odious place? No person of condition, I dare swear, ever set foot here before.' 'I don't know,' cries the squire, 'I think they do well enough; it was landlord recommended them. I thought, as he knew most of the quality, he could best shew me where to get among um.' 'Well, and where's my niece?' says the lady. 'Have you been to wait upon Lady Bellaston yet?' 'Ay, ay,' cries the squire, 'your niece is safe enough; she is up stairs in chamber.' 'How,' answered the lady, 'is my  
niece

niece in this house, and doth she not know of my being here?' 'No, no body can well get to her,' says the squire, 'for she is under lock and key. I have her safe; I vetch'd her from my lady cousin the first night I came to town, and I have taken care o'her ever since; she is as secure as a fox in a bag, I promise you.' 'Good Heaven!' returned Mrs Western, 'what do I hear! I thought what a fine piece of work would be the consequence of my consent to your coming to town yourself; nay, it was indeed your own headstrong will, nor can I charge myself with having ever consented to it. Did not you promise me, brother, that you would take none of these headstrong measures? Was it not by these headstrong measures that you forced my niece to run away from you in the country?' 'Have you a mind to oblige her to take such another step?' 'Zounds and the devil!' cries the squire, dashing his pipe on the ground, 'did ever mortal hear the like? when I expected you would have commended me for all I have done, to be fallen upon in this manner!' 'How! brother,' said the lady, 'have I ever given you the least reason to imagine I should commend you for locking up your daughter? Have I not often told you that women in a free country are not to be treated with such arbitrary power? We are as free as the men, and I heartily wish I could not say we deserve that freedom better. If you expect I should stay a moment longer in this wretched house, or that I should ever own you again as my relation, or that I should ever trouble myself again with the affairs of your family, I insist upon it that my niece be set at liberty this instant.' This she spoke with so commanding an air, standing with her back to the fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of  
snuff

snuff in the other, that I question whether Thales-tris at the head of her Amazons ever made a more tremendous figure. It is no wonder, therefore, that the poor squire was not proof against the awe which she inspired. 'There,' he cried, throwing down the key, 'there it is, do whatever you please. I intended only to have kept her up till Blifil came to town, which can't be long; and now, if any harm happens in the mean time, remember who is to be blamed for it.'

'I will answer it with my life,' cried Mrs Western; 'but I shall not intermeddle at all, unless upon one condition, and that is, that you will commit the whole entirely to my care, without taking any one measure yourself, unless I shall eventually appoint you to act. If you ratify these preliminaries, brother, I yet will endeavour to preserve the honour of your family; if not, I shall continue in a neutral state.'

'I pray you, good Sir,' said the parson, 'permit yourself this once to be admonished by her ladyship; peradventure, by communing with young Madam Sophia, she will effect more than you have been able to perpetrate by more rigorous measures.'

'What, dost thee open upon me?' cries the squire. 'If thee dost begin to babble, I shall whip thee in presently.'

'Fie, brother,' answered the lady, 'is this language to a clergyman? Mr Supple is a man of sense, and gives you the best advice; and the whole world, I believe, will concur in his opinion. But I must tell you, I expect an immediate answer to my categorical proposals. Either cede your daughter to my disposal, or take her wholly to your own surprising discretion; and then I here,

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before Mr Supple, evacuate the garrison, and renounce you and your family for ever.'

'I pray you, let me be a mediator,' cries the parson; 'let me supplicate you.'

'Why, there lies the key on the table,' cries the squire, 'she may take un up, if she pleases; who hinders her?'

'No, brother,' answered the lady, 'I insist on the formality of its being delivered me with a full ratification of all the concessions stipulated.'

'Why, then, I will deliver it to you.—There 'tis,' cries the squire. 'I am sure, sister, you can't accuse me of ever denying to trust my daughter to you. She hath lived wi' you a whole year and muore to a time, without my ever zeeing her.'

'And it would have been happy for her,' answered the lady, 'if she had always lived with me. Nothing of this kind would have happened under my eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he, 'I only am to blame.'

'Why, you are to blame, brother,' answered she; 'I have been often obliged to tell you so, and shall always be obliged to tell you so. However, I hope you will now amend, and gather so much experience from past errors, as not to defeat my wisest machinations by your blunders. Indeed, brother, you are not qualified for these negotiations. All your whole scheme of politics is wrong. I once more, therefore, insist, that you do not intermeddle. Remember only what is past.'——

'Z——ds and bl——d, sister,' cries the squire, 'what would you have me say? You are enough to provoke the devil.'

'There now,' said she, 'just according to the old custom. I see, brother, there is no talking to you. I will appeal to Mr Supple, who is a man  
of

of sense, if I said any thing which could put any human creature into a passion; but you are so wrong-headed every way—'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' said the parson, 'not to irritate his Worship.'

'Irritate him!' said the lady;—'Sure you are as great a fool as himself. Well, brother, since you have promised not to interfere, I will once more undertake the management of my niece. Lord have mercy upon all affairs which are under the directions of men. The head of one woman is worth a thousand of yours.' And now having summoned a servant to shew her to Sophia, she departed, bearing the key with her.

She was no sooner gone, than the squire (having first shut the door), ejaculated twenty bitches, and as many hearty curses against her, not sparing himself for having ever thought of her estate; but added, 'Now one hath been a slave so long, it would be a pity to lose it at last, for want of holding out a little longer. The bitch can't live for ever, and I know I am down for it upon the will.'

The parson greatly commended this resolution; and now the squire having ordered in another bottle, which was his usual method, when any thing either pleased or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal julap, so totally wash away his choler, that his temper was become perfectly placid and serene, when Mrs Western returned with Sophia into the room. The young lady had on her hat and capuchin, and the aunt acquainted Mr Western, that she intended to take her niece with her to her own lodgings; 'for indeed, brother,' says she, 'these rooms are not fit to receive a Christian soul in.'

'Very well, Madam,' quoth Western, 'what-

ever you please. The girl can never be in better hands than yours; and the parson here can do me the justice to say, that I have said fifty times behind your back, that you was one of the most sensible women in the world.'

'To this,' cries the parson, 'I am ready to bear testimony.'

'Nay, brother,' says Mrs Western, 'I have always, I am sure, given you as favourable a character. You must own you have a little too much hastiness in your temper; but when you will allow yourself time to reflect, I never knew a man more reasonable.'

'Why then, sister, if you think so,' said the squire, 'here's your good health with all my heart. I am a little passionate sometimes, but I scorn to bear any malice. Sophy, do you be a good girl, and do every thing your aunt orders you.'

'I have not the least doubt of her,' answered Mrs Western. 'She hath had already an example before her eyes, in the behaviour of that wretch her cousin Harriet, who ruined herself by neglecting my advice.—O brother, what think you? You was hardly gone out of hearing, when you set out for London, when, who should arrive but that impudent fellow with the odious Irish name—that Fitzpatrick. He broke in abruptly upon me without notice, or I would not have seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligible story about his wife, to which he forced me to give him a hearing; but I made him very little answer, and delivered him the letter from his wife, which I bid him answer himself. I suppose the wretch will endeavour to find us out; but I beg you will not see her, for I am determined I will not.'

'I zee her!' answered the squire; 'you need not

not fear me. I'll gee no encouragements to such undutiful wenches. It was well for the fellow her husband I was not at huome. Od rabbit it, he should have taken a dance thru the horse-pond, I promise un. You zee, Sophy, what undutifulness brings volks to. You have an example in your own vamily.'

'Brother,' cries the aunt, 'you need not shock my niece by such odious repetitions. Why will you not leave every thing entirely to me?' 'Well, well; I wull, I wull,' said the squire.

And now Mrs Western, luckily for Sophia, put an end to the conversation, by ordering chairs to be called. I say luckily; for had it continued much longer, fresh matter of dissension would, most probably, have arisen between the brother and sister; between whom, education and sex made the only difference; for both were equally violent, and equally positive; they had both a vast affection for Sophia, and both a sovereign contempt for each other.

## CH<sup>A</sup>P. V.

*In which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to a play with Mrs Miller and Partridge.*

THE arrival of Black George in town, and the good offices which that grateful fellow had promised to do for his old benefactor, greatly comforted Jones in the midst of all the anxiety and uneasiness which he had suffered on the account of Sophia; from whom, by the means of the said George, he received the following answer to his letter; which Sophia, to whom the use of pen, ink, and paper, was restored with her liberty, wrote

the very evening when she departed from her confinement.

‘SIR,

‘**A**S I do not doubt your sincerity in what you write, you will be pleased to hear that some of my afflictions are at end, by the arrival of my aunt Western, with whom I am at present, and with whom I enjoy all the liberty I can desire.— One promise my aunt hath insisted on my making, which is, that I will not see or converse with any person without her knowledge and consent. This promise I have most solemnly given, and shall most inviolably keep; and though she hath not expressly forbidden me writing, yet that must be an omission from forgetfulness; or this, perhaps, is included in the word conversing.— However, as I cannot but consider this as a breach of her generous confidence in my honour, you cannot expect that I shall, after this, continue to write myself, or to receive letters without her knowledge. A promise is with me a very sacred thing, and to be extended to every thing understood from it, as well as to what is expressed by it; and this consideration may perhaps, on reflection, afford you some comfort. But why should I mention a comfort to you of this kind? For though there is one thing in which I can never comply with the best of fathers, yet am I firmly resolved never to act in defiance of him, or to take any step of consequence without his consent. A firm persuasion of this, must teach you to divert your thoughts from what Fortune hath (perhaps) made impossible. This your own interest persuades you. This may reconcile, I hope, Mr Allworthy to you; and if it will, you  
‘have

‘ have my injunctions to pursue it. Accidents  
‘ have laid some obligations on me, and your good  
‘ intentions probably more. Fortune may perhaps  
‘ be some time kinder to us both than at present.  
‘ Believe this, that I shall always think of you as  
‘ I think you deserve, and am,

‘ SIR,

‘ Your obliged humble servant,

‘ SOPHIA WESTERN.’

‘ I charge you write to me no more—at present  
‘ at least; and accept this, which is now of no  
‘ service to me, which I know you must want,  
‘ and think you owe the trifle only to that fortune  
‘ by which you found it †.’

A child who had just learned his letters, would have spelled this letter out in less time than Jones took in reading it. The sensations it occasioned were a mixture of joy and grief; somewhat like what divide the mind of a good man, when he peruses the will of his deceased friend, in which a large legacy, which his distresses make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleased than displeased; and indeed the reader may probably wonder that he was displeased at all: but the reader is not quite so much in love as was poor Jones; and love is a disease which, though it may in some instances resemble a consumption, (which it sometimes causes), in others proceeds in direct opposition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itself, or sees any one symptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him complete satisfaction, which was, that his mistress had regained her liberty, and  
was

† Meaning, perhaps, the bank-bill for 100l.

was now with a lady where she might at least assure herself of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumstance was, the reference which she made to her promise of never marrying any other man: for, however disinterested he might imagine his passion, and notwithstanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news, than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined degree of Platonic affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is indeed entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtless with great truth), that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such a lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature, though I cannot pretend to say I have ever seen an instance of it.

Mr Jones having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, from the last mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr Partridge as one of the company: for as Jones had really that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of Nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by Art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr Jones, Mrs Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared, it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs Miller, 'Look, look, Madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common prayer-book, before the gun-powder-treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelve-month.'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, What man that was in the strange dress? 'Something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not in armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, Sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the

the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la! Sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?'—'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; *go along with you!* ay, to be sure! who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness!—Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.—*Follow you!* I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.—*No farther!* No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear Sir, don't you hear him!' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open: the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeded likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have  
known

known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.'— 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay, Sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case?—But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again.—Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti*, is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then enquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended that he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than, that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, Sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, no body can help some fears; I would not be in so  
bad

bad a condition as, what's his name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit! As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was any thing in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so: for as to you, Sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings.—Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent, till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her, If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched? 'though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon:—No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-

grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand.—Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.—Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch any thing belonging to a dead man on any account.—He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, 'Which of the players he had liked best?' To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The King without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr Partridge,' says Mrs Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. 'Why, I could act as well as he myself.—I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, Madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor.'

• While Mrs Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any thing that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and, for many nights after, sweated for two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions; and wakened several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

### C H A P. VI.

*In which the history is obliged to go back.*

**I**T is almost impossible for the best parent to observe an exact impartiality to his children, even though no superior merit should bias his affection; but sure a parent can hardly be blamed, when that superiority determines his preference.

As I regard all the personages of this history in the light of my children, so I must confess the same inclination of partiality to Sophia; and for that

that I hope the reader will allow me the same excuse, from the superiority of her character.

This extraordinary tenderness which I have for my heroine, never suffers me to quit her any long time without the utmost reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to inquire what hath happened to this lovely creature since her departure from her father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short visit to Mr Blifil.

Mr Western, in the first confusion into which his mind was cast, upon the sudden news he received of his daughter, and in his first hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any account of the discovery to Blifil. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopt at the very first inn he came to, and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint Blifil with his having found Sophia, and with his first resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to town.

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind, which nothing but the loss of her fortune, or some such accident, could lessen, his inclination to the match, was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this offer. Indeed he now proposed the gratification of a very strong passion besides avarice, by marrying this young lady, and this was hatred; for he concluded that matrimony afforded an equal opportunity of satisfying either hatred or love, and this opinion is very probably verified by much experience. To say the truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary behaviour of married persons to each other, we shall, perhaps, be apt to conclude, that the generality seek the in-

dulgence of the former passion only in their union of every thing but of hearts.

There was one difficulty, however, in his way, and this arose from Mr Allworthy. That good man, when he found, by the departure of Sophia, (for neither that, nor the cause of it, could be concealed from him), the great aversion which she had for his nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying matters so far. He by no means concurred with the opinion of those parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the inclinations of their children in the affair of marriage, as to solicit the good pleasure of their servants when they intend to take a journey, and who are, by law or decency at least, withheld often from using absolute force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the institution to be of the most sacred kind, he thought every preparatory caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolable, and very wisely concluded, that the surest way to effect this, was by laying the foundation in previous affection.

Blissful indeed soon cured his uncle of all anger on the score of deceit, by many vows and protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many declarations of Western very well tallied; but how to persuade Allworthy to consent to the renewing his addresses, was a matter of such apparent difficulty, that the very appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprising genius; but this young gentleman so well knew his own talents, that nothing within the province of cunning seemed to him hard to be achieved.

Here then he represented the violence of his own affection, and the hopes of subduing aversion in the lady by perseverance. He begged, that, in

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an affair on which depended all his future repose, he might at least be at liberty to try all fair means for success. Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle methods! 'Besides, Sir,' said he, 'if they fail, you may then (which will be surely time enough) deny your consent.' He urged the great and eager desire which Mr Western had for the match; and, lastly, he made great use of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened, and from whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young lady was even an act of charity.

All these arguments were well seconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little stronger on the authority of parents than Mr Blifil himself had done. He ascribed the measures which Mr Blifil was desirous to take, to Christian motives; 'and though,' says he, 'the good young gentleman hath mentioned charity last, I am almost convinced it is his first and principal consideration.'

Square, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same tune, though in a different key, and would have discovered much more fitness in the proceeding: but he was now gone to Bath for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at last yielded to the desires of his nephew. He said, he would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to use every honest endeavour to gain the lady; 'but I declare,' said he, 'I will never give my consent to any absolute force being put on her inclinations, nor shall you ever have her, unless she can be brought freely to compliance.'

Thus did the affection of Allworthy for his nephew betray the superior understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the

prudence of the best of heads often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhopcd for acquiescence in his uncle, rested not till he carried his purpose into execution. And as no immediate business required Mr Allworthy's presence in the country, and little preparation is necessary to men for a journey, they set out the very next day, and arrived in town that evening, when Mr Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with Partridge at the play.

The morning after his arrival, Mr Blifil waited on Mr Western, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible assurance, (perhaps more than was possible), that he should very shortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the squire suffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle, till he had, almost against his will, carried him to his sister.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which Mr Western pays a visit to his sister, in company with Mr Blifil.*

MRS Western was reading a lecture on prudence, and matrimonial politics, to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in with less ceremony than the laws of visiting require. Sophia no sooner saw Blifil, than she turned pale, and almost lost the use of all her faculties; but her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the squire.

‘ Brother,’ said she, ‘ I am astonished at your behaviour :

behaviour: will you never learn any regard to decorum? Will you still look upon every apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your country tenants? Do you think yourself at liberty to invade the privacies of women of condition, without the least decency or notice?"——'Why, what a pox is the matter now?' quoth the squire, 'one would think I had caught you at——' 'None of your brutality, Sir, I beseech you,' answered she.——'You have surpris'd my poor niece so, that she can hardly, I see, support herself.——Go, my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your spirits; for I see you have occasion.' At which words Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, hastily withdrew.

'To be sure, sister,' cries the squire, 'you are mad, when I have brought Mr Blifil here to court her, to force her away.'

'Sure, brother,' says she, 'you are worse than mad, when you know in what situation affairs are, to——I am sure, I ask Mr Blifil pardon; but he knows very well to whom to impute so disagreeable a reception. For my own part, I am sure I shall always be very glad to see Mr Blifil; but his own good sense would not have suffered him to proceed so abruptly, had you not compelled him to it.'

Blifil bowed and stammered, and looked like a fool; but Western, without giving him time to form a speech for the purpose, answered, 'Well, well, I am to blame if you will, I always am, certainly; but come, let the girl be fetched back again, or let Mr Blifil go to her.——He's come up on purpose, and there is no time to be lost.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs Western, 'Mr Blifil, I am confident, understands himself better than to think  
of

of seeing my niece any more this morning, after what hath happened. Women are of a nice texture; and our spirits, when disordered, are not to be recomposed in a moment. Had you suffered Mr Blifil to have sent his compliments to my niece, and to have desired the favour of waiting on her in the afternoon, I should possibly have prevailed on her to have seen him; but now I despair of bringing about any such matter.'

'I am very sorry, Madam,' cried Blifil, 'that Mr Western's extraordinary kindness to me, which I can never enough acknowledge, should have occasioned—' 'Indeed, Sir,' said she, interrupting him, 'you need make no apologies, we all know my brother so well—'

'I don't care what any body knows of me,' answered the squire;—'but when must he come to see her? for consider, I tell you, he is come up on purpose, and so is Allworthy.' 'Brother,' said she, 'whatever message Mr Blifil thinks proper to send to my niece, shall be delivered to her; and I suppose she will want no instructions to make a proper answer. I am convinced she will not refuse to see Mr Blifil at a proper time.'—The devil she won't,' answered the squire.—'Odsbub! Don't we know—I say nothing, but some volk are wiser than all the world.—If I might have had my will, she had not run away before; and now I expect to hear every moment she is gone again. For as great a fool as some volk think me, I know very well she hates'—'No matter, brother,' replied Mrs Western, 'I will not hear my niece abused. It is a reflection on my family. She is an honour to it; and she will be an honour to it, I promise you. I will pawn my whole reputation in the world on her conduct.—I shall

be.

be glad to see you, brother, in the afternoon; for I have something of importance to mention to you.—At present, Mr. Blifil, as well as you, must excuse me; for I am in haste to dress.’——  
 ‘Well, but,’ said the squire, ‘do appoint a time.’——  
 ‘Indeed,’ said she, ‘I can appoint no time. I tell you, I will see you in the afternoon.’——  
 ‘What the devil would you have me do?’ cries the squire, turning to Blifil; ‘I can no more turn her than a beagle can turn an old hare. Perhaps she will be in a better humour in the afternoon.’——  
 ‘I am condemned, I see, Sir, to misfortune,’ answered Blifil; ‘but I shall always own my obligations to you.’——He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs Western, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the squire muttering to himself with an oath, that Blifil should see his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr Western was little pleased with this interview, Blifil was less. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his sister to her humour only, and to her dissatisfaction at the omission of ceremony in the visit. But Blifil saw a little deeper into things. He suspected somewhat of more consequence, from two or three words which dropt from the lady; and, to say the truth, he suspected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the several matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Schemes of Lady Bellaston for the ruin of Jones.*

**L**OVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of Lord Fellamar, to be plucked up by the rude hands

hands of Mr Western. In the heat of resentment he had indeed given a commission to Captain Egg-lane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his Lordship been able to find the captain after he had seen Lady Bellaſton, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but ſo induſtrious was the captain in the diſcharge of his duty, that having, after long inquiry, found out the ſquire's lodgings very late in the evening, he ſat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miſs the ſquire in the morning, and by that means miſſed the revocation which my Lord had ſent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his Lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a viſit to Lady Bellaſton, who laid open ſo much of the character of the ſquire, that his Lordſhip plainly ſaw the abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable deſigns on his daughter. He then unboſomed the violence of his paſſion to Lady Bellaſton, who readily undertook the cauſe, and encouraged him with certain aſſurance of a moſt favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himſelf, when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had, by ſome means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable clothes, and paſſed for a gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I have, for the ſake of my couſin, made it my buſineſs to inquire after this fellow, I have luckily found out his lodgings;' with which ſhe

she then acquainted his Lordship. 'I am thinking,' my Lord, added she, '(for this fellow is too mean for your personal resentment), whether it would not be possible for your Lordship to contrive some method of having him pressed, and sent on board a ship. Neither law nor conscience forbid this project: for the fellow, I promise you, however well dressed, is but a vagabond, and as proper as any fellow in the streets to be pressed into the service; and as for the conscientious part, surely the preservation of a young lady from such ruin, is a most meritorious act; nay, with regard to the fellow himself, unless he could succeed (which Heaven forbid) with my cousin, it may probably be the means of preserving him from the gallows, and perhaps may make his fortune in an honest way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her Ladyship for the part which she was pleased to take in the affair, upon the success of which his whole future happiness entirely depended. He said, he saw at present no objection to the pressing scheme, and would consider of putting it in execution. He then most earnestly recommended to her Ladyship to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his proposals to the family, to whom, he said, he offered a *carte blanche*, and would settle his fortune in almost any manner they should require. And after uttering many ecstasies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departed, but not before he had received the strongest charge, to beware of Jones, and to lose no time in securing his person where he should no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs Western was arrived at her lodgings,

lodgings, a card was dispatched with her compliments to Lady Bellaſton, who no ſooner received it, than, with the impatience of a lover, ſhe flew to her couſin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itſelf: for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the project of making the propoſal to a woman of ſenſe, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no danger of a refusal.

The two ladies being met, after very ſhort previous ceremonials, fell to buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs Western no ſooner heard the name of Lord Fellamar, than her cheeks glowed with pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the eagereſs of his paſſion, the earneſtneſs of his propoſals, and the generoſity of his offer, ſhe declared her full ſatisfaction in the moſt explicit terms.

In the progreſs of their converſation, their diſcourſe turned to Jones, and both couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which, both agreed, Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs Western entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded, however, at laſt, with declaring her confidence in the good underſtanding of her niece, 'who, though ſhe would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not,' ſays ſhe, 'ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple inclination to the addreſſes of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large eſtate: for, indeed,' added ſhe, 'I muſt do Sophy the juſtice to confeſs, this Blifil is but a hideous kind of fellow, as y<sup>e</sup> u know, Bellaſton, all country-gentlemen

men are, and hath nothing but his fortune to recommend him.'

'Nay,' said Lady Bellaſton, 'I don't then ſo much wonder at my couſin; for I promiſe you, this Jones is a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue which the men ſay is a great recommendation to us. What do you think, Mrs Weſtern, ——I ſhall certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myſelf for laughing.——Will you believe that the fellow hath had the aſſurance to make love to me? But if you ſhould be inclined to diſbelieve it, here is evidence enough, his own hand-writing, I aſſure you.' She then delivered her couſin the letter with the propoſals of marriage, which, if the reader hath a deſire to ſee, he will find already on record in the fifteenth book of this hiſtory.

'Upon my word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs Weſtern; 'this is indeed a maſter-piece of aſſurance. With your leave, I may poſſibly make ſome uſe of this letter.' 'You have my full liberty,' cries Lady Bellaſton, 'to apply it to what uſe you pleaſe. However, I would not have it ſhewn to any but Miſs Weſtern, nor to her, unleſs you find occaſion.' 'Well, and how did you uſe the fellow?' returned Mrs Weſtern. 'Not as a huſband,' ſaid the lady; 'I am not married, I promiſe you, my dear. You know, Mrs Weſtern, I have tried the comforts once already; and once, I think, is enough for any reaſonable woman.'

This letter Lady Bellaſton thought would certainly turn the balance againſt Jones in the mind of Sophia, and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the way, and partly by having ſecured the evidence of Honour, who, upon ſound-

ing her, she saw sufficient reason to imagine, was prepared to testify whatever she pleased.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why Lady Bellaſton, who in her heart hated Sophia, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a match which was ſo much to the intereſt of the young lady. Now, I would deſire ſuch readers to look carefully into human nature, page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find, in ſcarce legible characters, that women, notwithſtanding the prepoſterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonial matters, do, in reality, think it ſo great a miſfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon theſe diſappointments: again, he will find it written much about the ſame place, that a woman, who hath once been pleaſed with the poſſeſſion of a man, will go above half way to the devil to prevent any other woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other motive to the actions of that lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by Lord Fellamar, which, for my own part, I ſee no cauſe to ſuſpect.

Now this was the affair which Mrs. Weſtern was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by ſome prefatory diſcourſe on the folly of love, and on the wiſdom of legal prostitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence aroſe all that coldneſs in her behaviour to Blifil, which, though the ſquire, as was uſual with him, imputed to a wrong cauſe, infused into Blifil himſelf (he being a much more cunning man) a ſuſpicion of the real truth.

## CHAP. IX.

*In which Jones pays a visit to Mrs Fitzpatrick.*

THE reader may now perhaps be pleased to return with me to Mr Jones, who, at the appointed hour, attended on Mrs Fitzpatrick: but before we relate the conversation which now passed, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing her lodging principally to avoid Mr Jones, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this interview.

And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding day, when, hearing from Lady Bellaſton that Mr Western was arrived in town, she went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings at Piccadilly, where she was received with many scurvy compellations, too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence an old servant of her aunt Western, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to say the truth, with rudeness in another way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced, not only that her scheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment, desire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting this purpose.

The reader must remember, that he was acquainted

quainted by Mrs Fitzpatrick, in the account she gave of her own story, with the fondness Mrs Western had formerly shown for Mr Fitzpatrick at Bath, from the disappointment of which Mrs Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterness her aunt had expressed towards her. She had therefore no doubt, but that the good lady would as easily listen to the addresses of Mr Jones, as she had before done to the other; for the superiority of charms was clearly on the side of Mr Jones; and the advance which her aunt had since made in age, she concluded, (how justly I will not say), was an argument rather in favour of her project than against it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm assurance how much she should, by so doing, oblige Sophia; and, after some excuses for her former disappointment, and after acquainting Mr Jones in whose custody his mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant, she very explicitly mentioned her scheme to him, and advised him to make sham addresses to the older lady, in order to procure an easy access to the younger, informing him, at the same time, of the success which Mr Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very same stratagem.

Mr Jones expressed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which she had expressed, and indeed testified by this proposal; but besides intimating some diffidence of success, from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her case in regard to Mr Fitzpatrick, he said he was afraid Miss Western would never agree to an imposition of this kind, as well from her utter detestation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs

Mrs Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and, indeed, if it may not be called a lapse of the tongue, it was a small deviation from politeness in Jones, and into which he scarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praising Sophia, hurried him out of all reflection; for this commendation of one cousin, was more than a tacit rebuke of the other.

‘Indeed, Sir,’ answered the lady, with some warmth, ‘I cannot think there is any thing easier than to cheat an old woman with a profession of love, when her complexion is amorous; and though she is my aunt, I must say there never was a more liquorish one than her ladyship. Can’t you pretend that the despair of possessing her niece, from her being promised to Blifil, has made you turn your thoughts towards her? As to my cousin Sophia, I can’t imagine her to be such a simpleton as to have the least scruple on such an account, or to conceive any harm in punishing one of these hags for the many mischiefs they bring upon families, by their tragi-comic passions; for which I think it is pity they are not punishable by law. I had no such scruple myself; and yet I hope my cousin Sophia will not think it an affront, when I say she cannot detest every real species of falsehood more than her cousin Fitzpatrick. To my aunt indeed I pretend no duty, nor doth she deserve any. However, Sir, I have given you my advice; and if you decline pursuing it, I shall have the less opinion of your understanding—that’s all.’

Jones now clearly saw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmost power to rectify it; but he only faltered, and fluttered into nonsense and contradiction. To say the truth, it is often

safer to abide by the consequences of the first blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for by such endeavours we generally plunge deeper, instead of extricating ourselves; and few persons will, on such occasions, have the good nature which Mrs Fitzpatrick displayed to Jones, by saying, with a smile, 'You need attempt no more excuses; for I can easily forgive a real lover, whatever is the effect of fondness for his mistress.'

She then renewed her proposal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could suggest on the subject; for she was so violently incensed against her aunt, that scarce any thing was capable of affording her equal pleasure with exposing her; and, like a true woman, she would see no difficulties in the execution of a favourite scheme.

Jones, however, persisted in declining the undertaking, which had not indeed the least probability of success. He easily perceived the motives which induced Mrs Fitzpatrick to be so eager in pressing her advice. He said, he would not deny the tender and passionate regard he had for Sophia; but was so conscious of the inequality of their situations, that he could never flatter himself so far, as to hope that so divine a young lady would condescend to think on so unworthy a man; nay, he protested he could scarce bring himself to think she should. He concluded with a profession of generous sentiments, which we have not at present leisure to insert.

There are some fine women (for I dare not here speak in too general terms) with whom self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any subject; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praise they

they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own use. In the company of these ladies, it is impossible to say any thing handsome of another woman, which they will not apply to themselves; nay, they often improve the praise they seize; as, for instance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good humour, deserve so much commendation, what do I deserve, who possess those qualities in so much more eminent a degree?

To these ladies, a man often recommends himself while he is commending another woman; and while he is expressing ardour and generous sentiments for his mistress, they are considering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderness for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many instances besides Mrs Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a somewhat for Mr Jones, the symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To say the truth, perfect beauty in both sexes, is a more irresistible object than it is generally thought: for, notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are to repeat what gives them no idea), to despise outside, and to value more solid charms; yet I have always observed, at the approach of consummate beauty, that these more solid charms only shine with that kind of lustre which the stars have after the rising of the sun.

When Jones had finished his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oroonides himself, Mrs Fitzpatrick heaved a deep sigh, and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had

had been some time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, she cried, 'Indeed, Mr Jones, I pity you; but it is the curse of such tenderness, to be thrown away on those who are insensible of it. I know my cousin better than you, Mr Jones; and I must say, any woman who makes no return to such a passion, and such a person, is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam,' said Jones, 'you can't mean—' 'Mean!' cries Mrs Fitzpatrick, 'I know not what I mean. There is something, I think, in true tenderness bewitching: few women ever meet with it in men, and fewer still know how to value it when they do. I never heard such truly noble sentiments; and I can't tell how it is, but you force one to believe you. Sure she must be the most contemptible of women who can overlook such merit.'

The manner and look with which all this was spoke, infused a suspicion into Jones, which we don't care to convey in direct words to the reader. Instead of making any answer, he said, 'I am afraid, Madam, I have made too tiresome a visit,' and offered to take his leave.

'Not at all, Sir,' answered Mrs Fitzpatrick.—'Indeed I pity you, Mr Jones; indeed I do: but if you are going, consider of the scheme I have mentioned. I am convinced you will approve it, and let me see you again as soon as you can—To-morrow morning if you will, or at least some time to-morrow. I shall be at home all day.'

Jones then, after many expressions of thanks, very respectfully retired; nor could Mrs Fitzpatrick forbear making him a present of a look at parting, by which, if he had understood nothing, he must have had no understanding in the language  
of

of the eyes. In reality it confirmed his resolution of returning to her no more; for, faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this history, his whole thoughts were now so confined to his Sophia, that I believe no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconstancy.

Fortune, however, who was not his friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second opportunity, to make the best of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in sorrowful notes to record.

## C H A P. X.

*The consequence of the preceding visit.*

**M**R Fitzpatrick having received the letter before mentioned from Mrs Western, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after set forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to remember the suspicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs Waters; and though sufficient reasons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that suspicion, yet now the reading so handsome a character of Mr Jones from his wife, caused him to reflect, that she likewise was in the inn at the same time, and jumbled together such a confusion of circumstances in a head which was naturally none of the clearest, that the whole produced that green-eyed monster mentioned by Shakespeare in his tragedy of Othello.

And

And now, as he was inquiring in the street after his wife, and had just received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr Jones was issuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones: however, seeing a young well dressed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house? 'for I am sure,' said he, 'you must have been in it, as I saw you come out of it.'

Jones answered very modestly, 'That he had been visiting a lady there.' To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'What business have you with the lady?' Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and indeed coat, of the gentleman, cried out,—'Ha, my good friend! give me your hand; I hope there is no ill blood remaining between us, upon a small mistake which happened so long ago.'

'Upon my soul, Sir,' said Fitzpatrick, 'I don't know your name, nor your face.' 'Indeed, Sir,' said Jones, neither have I the pleasure of knowing your name; but your face I very well remember to have seen before at Upton, where a foolish quarrel happened between us, which, if it is not made up yet, we will now make up over a bottle.'

'At Upton!' cried the other.—'Ha! upon my soul I believe your name is Jones.' 'Indeed,' answered he, 'it is.'——'O, upon my soul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are the very man I wanted to meet.—Upon my soul I will drink a bottle with you presently; but first I will give you a great knock over the pate. There is for you, you rascal. Upon my soul, if you do not give me satisfaction for that blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his sword, put himself in a posture of

of defence, which was the only science he understood.

Jones was a little staggered by the blow, which came somewhat unexpectedly; but presently recovering himself, he also drew; and though he understood nothing of fencing, pressed on so boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in the body of the said gentleman, who had no sooner received it, than he stepped backwards, dropt the point of his sword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have satisfaction enough; I am a dead man.'

'I hope not,' cries Jones; 'but whatever be the consequence, you must be sensible you have drawn it upon yourself.' At this instant a number of fellows rushed in and seized Jones, who told them, he should make no resistance, and begged some of them at least would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded gentleman will be taken care enough of; for I suppose he hath not many hours to live. As for you, Sir, you have a month at least good yet.' 'D—n me, Jack,' said another, 'he hath prevented his voyage, he's bound to another port now; and many other such jests was our poor Jones made the subject of by these fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by Lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the house of Mrs Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the street when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang, very wisely concluded, that his business was now to deliver his prisoner into the hands of the civil magistrate. He ordered him, therefore, to be carried

ried to a public house, where, having sent for a constable, he delivered him to his custody.

The constable seeing Mr Jones very well drest, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his prisoner with great civility, and, at his request, dispatched a messenger to inquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the surgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the constable informed Jones, that he must go before a justice. He answered, 'Wherever you please: I am indifferent as to what happens to me; for though I am convinced I am not guilty of murder in the eye of the law, yet the weight of blood I find intolerable upon my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the justice, where the surgeon who dressed Mr Fitzpatrick appeared, and deposed, that he believed the wound to be mortal; upon which the prisoner was committed to the Gatehouse. It was very late at night, so that Jones would not send for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never shut his eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his master so long, received a message, which almost deprived him of his being when he heard it.

He went to the Gatehouse with trembling knees, and a beating heart, and was no sooner arrived in the presence of Jones, than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him, with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr Fitzpartick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghost would enter the room.

At

At last he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

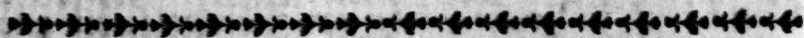
Jones presently dispatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows :

‘**YOU** owe the hearing from me again, to an accident which I own surprises me. My aunt hath just now shewn me a letter from you to Lady Bellaſton, which contains a propoſal of marriage. I am convinced it is your own hand; and what more ſurprizes me is, that it is dated at the very time when you would have me imagine you was under ſuch concern on my account.—I leave you to comment on this fact. All I deſire is, that your name may never more be mentioned to

‘S. W.’

Of the preſent ſituation of Mr Jones’s mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea, than by ſaying, his miſery was ſuch, that even Thwackum would almoſt have pitied him. But bad as it is, we ſhall at preſent leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) ſeems to have done. And here we put an end to the ſixteenth book of our hiſtory.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.



BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

*Containing a portion of introductory writing.*

WHEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can, or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the highest pitch of human misery, they both conclude their business to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader must now allow we were very nearly arrived at this period; since it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his representatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones, than those in which we left him in the last chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wish more uneasiness to a rival than what she must at present be supposed to feel.

What

What then remains to complete the tragedy, but a murder or two, and a few moral sentences?

But to bring our favourites out of their present anguish and distress, and to land them at last on the shore of happiness, seems a much harder task; a task indeed so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable that we shall somewhere or other provide a good husband for her in the end, either Blifil, or my Lord, or somebody else; but as to poor Jones, such are the calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his imprudence, by which, if a man doth not become a felon to the world, he is at least a *felo de se*; so destitute is he now of friends, and so persecuted by enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in seeing executions, I think he ought not to lose any time in taking a first row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promise, that notwithstanding any affection which we may be supposed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that supernatural assistance with which we are entrusted, upon condition that we use it only on very important occasions. If he doth not, therefore, find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn, (which may very probably be the case,) than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

In this the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at present, gave them always an

opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purposes; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the surprise and delight of the credulous reader. Those writers could with greater ease have conveyed a friend from one country to another, nay, from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from a gaol.

The Arabians and Persians had an equal advantage, in writing their tales, from the Genii and Fairies, which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itself. But we have none of these helps. To natural means alone are we confined. Let us try therefore what by these means may be done for poor Jones; though, to confess the truth, something whispers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worst of his fortune; and that a more shocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

## C H A P. II.

*The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs Miller.*

**M**R Allworthy and Mrs Miller were just sat down to breakfast, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long seated, before he began as follows: 'Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do you think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling it you, for fear of shocking you with the remembrance of ever having shewn any kindness

to such a villain.' 'What is the matter, child?' said the uncle: 'I fear I have shewn kindness in my life to the unworthy more than once. But charity doth not adopt the vices of its objects.' 'O, Sir,' returned Blifil, 'it is not without the secret direction of Providence that you mention the word adoption. Your adopted son, Sir, that Jones, that wretch whom you nourished in your bosom, hath proved one of the greatest villains upon earth.' 'By all that's sacred, 'tis false,' cries Mrs Miller. 'Mr Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthiest creatures breathing; and if any other person had called him villain, I would have thrown all this boiling water in his face.' Mr Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But she did not give him leave to speak, before, turning to him, she cried, 'I hope you will not be angry with me; I should not offend you, Sir, for the world; but indeed I could not bear to hear him called so.' 'I must own, Madam,' said Allworthy, very gravely, 'I am a little surprised to hear you so warmly defend a fellow you do not know.' 'O I do know him, Mr Allworthy,' said she, 'indeed I do; I should be the most ungrateful of all wretches if I denied it. O he hath preserved me and my little family: we have all reason to bless him while we live.—And I pray Heaven to bless him, and turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. I know, I find, I see he hath such.' 'You surprise me, Madam, still more,' said Allworthy; 'sure you must mean some other. It is impossible you should have any such obligations to the man my nephew mentions.' 'Too surely,' answered she, 'I have obligations to him of the greatest and tenderest kind. He hath been the preserver of me and mine.—Believe me,

Sir, he hath been abused, grossly abused to you ; I know he hath, or you, whom I know to be all goodness and honour, would not, after the many kind and tender things I have heard you say of this poor helpless child, have so disdainfully called him fellow. Indeed, my best of friends, he deserves a kinder appellation from you, had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful things which I have heard him utter of you. He never mentions your name but with a sort of adoration. In this very room I have seen him on his knees, imploring all the blessings of heaven upon your head. I do not love that child there better than he loves you.'

' I see, Sir, now,' said Blifil, with one of those grinning sneers with which the devil marks his best beloved, ' Mrs Miller really doth know him. I suppose you will find she is not the only one of your acquaintance to whom he hath exposed you. As for my character, I perceive by some hints she hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it ; but I forgive him.' ' And the Lord forgive you, Sir,' says Mrs Miller ; ' we have all sins enough to stand in need of his forgiveness.'

' Upon my word, Mrs Miller,' said Allworthy, ' I do not take this behaviour of yours to my nephew kindly ; and I do assure you, as any reflections which you cast upon him must come only from that wickedest of men, they would only serve, if that were possible, to heighten my resentment against him : for I must tell you, Mrs Miller, the young man who now stands before you, hath ever been the warmest advocate for the ungrateful wretch whose cause you espouse. This, I think, when you hear it from my own mouth, will

will make you wonder at so much baseness and ingratitude.'

'You are deceived, Sir,' answered Mrs Miller, 'if they were the last words which were to issue from my lips, I would say you were deceived; and I once more repeat it, the Lord forgive those who have deceived you. I do not pretend to say the young man is without faults; but they are the faults of wildness and of youth; faults which he may, nay, which I am certain he will relinquish; and if he should not, they are vastly overbalanced by one of the most humane, tender, honest hearts that ever man was blessed with.'

'Indeed, Mrs Miller,' said Allworthy, 'had this been related of you, I should not have believed it.' 'Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'you will believe every thing I have said, I am sure you will; and when you have heard the story which I shall tell you, (for I will tell you all) you will be so far from being offended, that you will own, (I know your justice so well) that I must have been the most despicable and most ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any other part than I have.'

'Well, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I shall be very glad to hear any good excuse for a behaviour which, I must confess, I think wants an excuse. And now, Madam, will you be pleased to let my nephew proceed in his story without interruption. He would not have introduced a matter of slight consequence with such a preface. Perhaps even this story will cure you of your mistake.'

Mrs Miller gave tokens of submission, and then Mr Blifil began thus: 'I am sure, Sir, if you don't think proper to resent the ill usage of Mrs Miller, I shall easily forgive what affects me only. I think your goodness hath not deserved this indignity

indignity at her hands.' 'Well, child,' said Allworthy, 'but what is this new instance? What hath he done of late?' 'What,' cries Blifil, 'notwithstanding all Mrs Miller hath said, I am very sorry to relate, and what you should never have heard from me, had it not been a matter impossible to conceal from the whole world; in short, he hath killed a man; I will not say murdered—for perhaps it may not be so construed in law, and I hope the best for his sake.'

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs Miller, he cried, 'Well, Madam, what say you now?'

'Why, I say, Sir,' answered she, 'that I never was more concerned at any thing in my life; but, if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, whoever he is, was in the fault. Heaven knows there are many villains in this town who make it their business to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing but the greatest provocation could have tempted him; for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my house, I never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tempered. He was beloved by every one in the house, and every one who came near it.'

While she was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted the conversation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any answer; for as she concluded this was a visitor to Mr Allworthy, she hastily retired, taking with her her little girl, whose eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news she heard of Jones, who used to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many play-things, but spent whole hours in playing with her himself.

Some readers may, perhaps, be pleased with these minute circumstances, in relating of which

we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the best of our brother historians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at least pardon them, as we are never prolix on such occasions.

C H A P. III.

*The arrival of Mr Western, with some matters concerning the paternal authority.*

M<sup>R</sup>S Miller had not long left the room, when Mr Western entered; but not before a small wrangling bout had passed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows, who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good customer in the squire, and they were, moreover, farther encouraged by his generosity, (for he had given them, of his own accord, sixpence more than their fare;) they therefore very boldly demanded another shilling, which so provoked the squire, that he not only bestowed many hearty curses on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room, swearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. ‘Damn me,’ says he, ‘if I won’t walk in the rain rather than get into one of their hand-barrows again. They have jolted me more in a mile, than Brown Bess would in a long fox-chace.’

When his wrath on this occasion was a little appeased, he resumed the same passionate tone on another. ‘There,’ says he, ‘there is fine business forwards now. The hounds have changed at last, and when we imagined we had a fox to deal with,

with, od-rat-it, it turns out to be a badger at last.'

'Pray, my good neighbour,' said Allworthy, 'drop your metaphors, and speak a little plainer.' 'Why, then,' says the squire, 'to tell you plainly, we have been all this time afraid of a son of a whore of a bastard of somebody's, I don't know who's, not I;—and now here is a confounded son of a whore of a lord, who may be a bastard too for what I know or care, for he shall never have a daughter of mine by my consent. They have beggared the nation, but they shall never beggar me. My land shall never be sent over to Hanover.'

'You surprise me much, my good friend,' said Allworthy. 'Why, zounds! I am surprised myself,' answered the squire. 'I went to zee sister Western last night, according to her own appointment, and there I was had into a whole room-full of women.—There was my Lady cousin Bellafton, and my Lady Betty, and my Lady Catharine, and my Lady I don't know who; d—n me if ever you catch me among such a kennel of hoop-petticoat b—s. D—n me, I'd rather be run by my own dogs, as one Acton was, that the story-book says was turned into a hare, and his own dogs killed un, and eat un. Od-rabbit-it, no mortal was ever run in such a manner: if I dogged one way, one had me; if I offered to clap back, another snapped me. 'O! certainly one of the greatest matches in England,' says one cousin; (here he attempted to mimic them). 'A very advantageous offer indeed,' cries another cousin; (for you must know they be all my cousins, thof I never zeed half o'um before). 'Surely,' says that fat a—se b——, my Lady Bellafton, 'cousin, you must be  
out

out of your wits to think of refusing such an offer.'

'Now I begin to understand,' says Allworthy: 'some person hath made proposals to Miss Western, which the ladies of the family approve, but is not to your liking.'

'My liking!' said Western, 'how the devil should it? I tell you it is a lord, and those are always folks whom you know I always resolved to have nothing to do with. Did unt I refuse a matter of vorty years purchase now for a bit of land, which one o'um had a mind to put into a park, only because I would have no dealings with lords, and dost think I would marry my daughter zu? Besides, ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any bargain when I had promised?'

'As to that point, neighbour,' said Allworthy, 'I entirely release you from any engagement. No contract can be binding between parties who have not a full power to make it at the time, nor ever afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud! then,' answered Western, 'I tell you I have power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with me directly to Doctors Commons, I will get a licence; and I will go to sister, and take away the wench by force, and she shall ha un, or I will lock her up, and keep her upon bread and water as long as she lives.'

'Mr Western,' said Allworthy, 'shall I beg you will hear my full sentiments on this matter?'—  
'Hear thee! ay, to be sure, I will,' answered he.  
'Why then, Sir,' cries Allworthy, 'I can truly say, without a compliment either to you or the young lady, that when this match was proposed, I embraced it very readily and heartily, from my regard to you both. An alliance between two families

milies so nearly neighbours, and between whom there had always existed so mutual an intercourse and good harmony, I thought a most desirable event; and with regard to the young lady, not only the concurrent opinion of all who knew her, but my own observation, assured me, that she would be an inestimable treasure to a good husband. I shall say nothing of her personal qualifications, which certainly are admirable; her good-nature, her charitable disposition, her modesty, are too well known to need any panegyric: but she hath one quality which existed in a high degree in that best of women, who is now one of the first of angels, which, as it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly escapes observation; so little indeed it is remarked, that I want a word to express it. I must use negatives on this occasion. I never heard any thing of pertness, or what is called repartee, out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, much less to that kind of wisdom, which is the result only of great learning and experience; the affectation of which, in a young woman, is as absurd as any of the affectations of an ape. No dictatorial sentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticisms. Whenever I have seen her in the company of men, she hath been all attention, with the modesty of a learner, not the forwardness of a teacher. You'll pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, desired her opinion on a point which was controverted between Mr Thwackum and Mr Square. To which she answered with much sweetness, 'You will pardon me, good Mr Allworthy; I am sure you cannot in earnest think me capable of deciding any point in which two such gentlemen disagree.' Thwackum and Square, who both alike thought themselves sure of a favourable decision,

sion, seconded my request. She answered with the same good humour, 'I must absolutely be excused; for I will affront neither so much, as to give my judgment on his side.' Indeed, she always shewed the highest deference to the understandings of men; a quality absolutely essential to the making a good wife. I shall only add, that as she is most apparently void of all affectation, this deference must be certainly real.'

Here Blifil sighed bitterly: upon which Western, whose eyes were full of tears at the praise of Sophia, blubbered out, 'Don't be chicken-hearted, for that ha' her; d—n me, that ha' her, if she was twenty times as good.'

'Remember your promise, Sir,' cried Allworthy, 'I was not to be interrupted.' 'Well, that unt,' answered the squire, 'I won't speak another word.'

'Now, my good friend,' continued Allworthy, 'I have dwelt so long on the merit of this young lady, partly as I really am in love with her character, and partly that fortune (for the match in that light is really advantageous on my nephew's side) might not be imagined to be my principal view in having so eagerly embraced the proposal. Indeed I heartily wished to receive so great a jewel into my family; but though I may wish for many good things, I would not therefore steal them, or be guilty of any violence or injustice to possess myself of them. Now, to force a woman into a marriage contrary to her consent or approbation, is an act of such injustice and oppression, that I wish the laws of our country could restrain it; but a good conscience is never lawless in the worst regulated state, and will provide those laws

for itself, which the neglect of legislators hath forgotten to supply. This is surely a case of that kind: for is it not cruel, nay, impious, to force a woman into that state against her will, for her behaviour in which she is to be accountable to the highest and most dreadful court of judicature, and to answer at the peril of her soul? To discharge the matrimonial duties in an adequate manner, is no easy task; and shall we lay this burden upon a woman, while we at the same time deprive her of all that assistance which may enable her to undergo it? Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we injoin her duties to which a whole heart is scarce equal? I must speak very plainly here; I think parents who act in this manner, are accessories to all the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and of course must, before a just Judge, expect to partake of their punishment; but if they could avoid this, good Heaven! is there a soul who can bear the thought of having contributed to the damnation of his child?

‘For these reasons, my best neighbour, as I see the inclinations of this young lady are most unhappily averse to my nephew, I must decline any farther thoughts of the honour you intended him, though I assure you I shall always retain the most grateful sense of it?’

‘Well, Sir,’ said Western, (the froth bursting forth from his lips the moment they were uncorked), ‘you cannot say but I have heard you out, and now I expect you’ll hear me; and if I don’t answer every word on’t, why then I’ll consent to gee the matter up. First, then, I desire you to answer me one question, Did not I beget her? did not I beget her? answer me that. They say, indeed, it is a wise father that knows his own child;

child; but I am sure I have the best title to her, for I bred her up. But I believe you will allow me to be her father; and if I be, am I not to govern my own child? I ask you that, am I not to govern my own child? And if I am to govern her in other matters, surely I am to govern her in this, which concerns her most. And what am I desiring all this while? Am I desiring her to do any thing for me, to give me any thing?—Zo much on t'other side, that I am only desiring her to take away half my estate now, and t'other half when I die. Well, and what is it all vor? Why, is unt it to make her happy? Its enough to make one mad to hear volks talk; if I was going to marry myself, then she would ha' reason to cry and to blubber; but, on the contrary, ha'n't I offered to bind down my land in such a manner, that I could not marry if I would, seeing as narro' woman upon earth would ha' me? What the devil in hell can I do more? I contribute to her damnation!—Zounds! I'd zee all the world d—n'd bevore her little vinger should be hurt. Indeed, Mr Allworthy, you must excuse me; but I am surprised to hear you talk in such a manner, and I must say, take it how you will, that I thought you had more sense.'

Allworthy resented this reflection only with a smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured, have conveyed into that smile any mixture of malice or contempt. His smiles at folly, were indeed such as we may suppose the angels bestow on the absurdities of mankind.

Blifil now desired to be permitted to speak a few words. 'As to using any violence on the young lady, I am sure I shall never consent to it. My

conscience will not permit me to use violence on any one, much less on a lady for whom, however cruel she is to me, I shall always preserve the purest and sincerest affection. But yet I have read, that women are seldom proof against perseverance. Why may not I hope then, by such perseverance, at last to gain those inclinations, in which for the future I shall perhaps have no rival? For as for this lord, Mr Western is so kind as to prefer me to him; and sure, Sir, you will not deny but that a parent hath at least a negative voice in these matters; nay, I have heard this very young lady herself say so, more than once, and declare, that she thought children inexcusable who married in direct opposition to the will of their parents. Besides, though the other ladies of the family seem to favour the pretensions of my Lord, I do not find the lady herself is inclined to give him any countenance: alas! I am too well assured she is not; I am too sensible that wickedest of men remains uppermost in her heart.'

'Ay, ay, so he does,' cries Western.

'But surely,' says Blifil, 'when she hears of this murder which he hath committed, if the law should spare his life——'

'What's that?' cries Western; 'murder! hath he committed a murder, and is there any hopes of seeing him hanged?——Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a singing and capering about the room.

'Child,' says Allworthy, 'this unhappy passion of yours distresses me beyond measure. I heartily pity you, and would do every fair thing to promote your success.'

'I desire no more,' cries Blifil; 'I am convinced  
my

my dear uncle hath a better opinion of me, than to think that I myself would accept of more.'

'Looke,' says Allworthy, 'you have my leave to write, to visit, if she will permit it;—but I insist on no thoughts of violence, I will have no confinement, nothing of that kind attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the squire, 'nothing of that kind shall be attempted; we will try a little longer what fair means will effect; and if this fellow be but hanged out of the way—*Tol lol de rol*—I never heard better news in my life; I warrant every thing goes to my mind.—Do, prithee, dear Allworthy, come and dine with me at the Hercules Pillars; I have bespoke a shoulder of mutton roasted, and a spare-rib of pork, and a fowl and egg sauce. There will be nobody but ourselves, unless we have a mind to have the landlord; for I have sent Parson Supple down to Basingstoke after my tobacco-box, which I left at an inn there, and I would not lose it for the world; for it is an old acquaintance of above twenty years standing. I can tell you landlord is a vast comical bitch, you will like un hugely.'

Mr Allworthy at last agreed to this invitation; and soon after, the squire went off, singing and capering at the hopes of seeing the speedy and tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr Allworthy resumed the aforesaid subject with much gravity. He told his nephew, 'he wished with all his heart he would endeavour to conquer a passion, in which I cannot,' says he, 'flatter you with any hopes of succeeding. It is certainly a vulgar error, that aversion in a woman may be conquered by perseverance. Indifference may, perhaps, sometimes yield to it; but the usual triumphs gained by persever-

ance in a lover, are over caprice, imprudence, affectation, and often an exorbitant degree of levity, which excites women, not over warm in their constitution, to indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of courtship, even when they are well enough pleased with the object, and resolve (if ever they resolve at all) to make him a very pitiful amends in the end. But a fixed dislike, as I am afraid this is, will rather gather strength, than be conquered by time. Besides, my dear, I have another apprehension which you must excuse. I am afraid this passion which you have for this fine young creature, hath her beautiful person too much for its object, and is unworthy of the name of that love, which is the only foundation of matrimonial felicity. To admire, to like, and to long for the possession of a beautiful woman, without any regard to her sentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural; but love, I believe, is the child of love only; at least, I am pretty confident, that to love the creature who we are assured hates us, is not in human nature. Examine your heart, therefore, thoroughly, my good boy; and if, upon examination, you have but the least suspicion of this kind, I am sure your own virtue and religion will impel you to drive so vicious a passion from your heart, and your good sense will soon enable you to do it without pain."

The reader may pretty well guess Blifil's answer: but if he should be at a loss, we are not at present at leisure to satisfy him, as our history now hastens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from Sophia.

## C H A P. IV.

*An extraordinary scene between Sophia and her aunt.*

**T**H E lowing heifer, and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they suffered to enjoy their liberty undisturbed. But if a plump doe be discovered to have escaped from the forest, and to repose herself in some field or grove, the whole parish is presently alarmed, every man is ready to set his dogs after her: and if she is preserved from the rest by the good squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have often considered a very fine young woman of fortune and fashion, when first found strayed from the pale of her nursery, to be in pretty much the same situation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, she is hunted from park to play, from court to assembly, from assembly to her own chamber, and rarely escapes a single season from the jaws of some devourer or other: for if her friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own choosing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest; while whole herds or flocks of other women, securely, and scarce regarded, traverse the park, the play, the opera, and the assembly; and though, for the most part, at least, they are at last devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without disturbance or control.

Of all these paragons none ever tasted more of this persecution than poor Sophia. Her ill stars were  
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not contented with all that she had suffered on account of Blifil; they now raised her another pursuer, who seemed likely to torment her no less than the other had done. For though her aunt was less violent, she was no less assiduous in teasing her, than her father had been before.

The servants were no sooner departed after dinner, than Mrs Western, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, 'That she expected his Lordship that very afternoon, and intended to take the first opportunity of leaving her alone with him.' 'If you do, Madam,' answered Sophia, with some spirit, 'I shall take the first opportunity of leaving him by himself.' 'How, Madam!' cries the aunt: 'is this the return you make me for my kindness, in relieving you from your confinement at your father's?' 'You know, Madam,' said Sophia, 'the cause of that confinement was a refusal to comply with my father, in accepting a man I detested; and will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me from that distress, involve me in another equally bad?' 'And do you think then, Madam,' answered Mrs Western, 'that there is no difference between my Lord Fellamar and Mr Blifil?' 'Very little, in my opinion,' cries Sophia: 'and if I must be condemned to one, I would certainly have the merit of sacrificing myself to my father's pleasure.' 'Then my pleasure, I find,' said the aunt, 'hath very little weight with you; but that consideration shall not move me. I act from nobler motives; the view of aggrandizing my family, of ennobling yourself, is what I proceed upon. Have you no sense of ambition? are there no charms in the thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?' 'None, upon my honour,' said Sophia. 'A pincushion upon my  
my

my coach would please me just as well.' 'Never mention honour,' cries the aunt, 'it becomes not the mouth of such a wretch. I am sorry, niece, you force me to use these words; but I cannot bear your grovelling temper; you have none of the blood of the Westerns in you. But however mean and base your own ideas are, you shall bring no imputation on mine. I will never suffer the world to say of me, that I encouraged you in refusing one of the best matches in England; a match which, besides its advantage in fortune, would do honour to almost any family, and hath indeed, in title, the advantage of ours.' 'Surely,' says Sophia, 'I am born deficient, and have not the senses with which other people are blessed; there must be certainly some sense which can relish the delights of sound and show, which I have not; for surely mankind would not labour so much, nor sacrifice so much for the obtaining, nor would they be so elate and proud with possessing, what appeared to them, as it doth to me, the most insignificant of all trifles.'

'No, no, miss,' cries the aunt; 'you are born with as many senses as other people; but I assure you, you are not born with a sufficient understanding to make a fool of me, or to expose my conduct to the world. So I declare this to you upon my word, and you know, I believe, how fixed my resolutions are, unless you agree to see his Lordship this afternoon, I will, with my own hands, deliver you to-morrow morning to my brother, and will never henceforth interfere with you, nor see your face again.' Sophia stood a few moments silent after this speech, which was uttered in a most angry and peremptory tone; and then bursting into tears, she cried, 'Do with me, Madam, whatever you please; I am the most miserable, undone'

done wretch upon earth; if my dear aunt forsakes me, where shall I look for a protector?"——  
'My dear niece,' cries she, 'you will have a very good protector in his Lordship; a protector, whom nothing but a hankering after that vile fellow Jones can make you decline.' 'Indeed, Madam,' said Sophia, 'you wrong me. How can you imagine, after what you have shewn me, if I had ever any such thoughts, that I should not banish them for ever. If it will satisfy you, I will receive the sacrament upon it, never to see his face again.'——'But, child, dear child,' said the aunt, 'be reasonable: can't you invent a single objection?'——'I have already, I think, told you a sufficient objection,' answered Sophia.——'What?' cries the aunt; 'I remember none.' 'Sure, Madam,' said Sophia, 'I told you he had used me in the rudest and vilest manner.' 'Indeed, child,' answered she, 'I never heard you, or did not understand you:——But what do you mean by this rude and vile manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' said Sophia, 'I am almost ashamed to tell you. He caught me in his arms, pulled me down upon the settee, and thrust his hand into my bosom, and kissed it with such violence, that I have the mark upon my left breast at this moment.'——'Indeed!' said Mrs Western. 'Yes indeed, Madam,' answered Sophia; 'my father luckily came in at that instant, or, Heaven knows what rudeness he intended to have proceeded to.' 'I am astonished and confounded,' cries the aunt. 'No woman of the name of Western hath been ever treated so, since we were a family. I would have torn the eyes of a prince out, if he had attempted such freedoms with me. It is impossible: sure, Sophia, you must invent this to raise my indignation against him.' 'I hope, Madam,' said Sophia,

phia, 'you have too good an opinion of me, to imagine me capable of telling an untruth. Upon my soul it is true.' 'I should have stabbed him to the heart, had I been present,' returned the aunt. 'Yet surely he could have no dishonourable design: it is impossible; he durst not: besides, his proposals shew he had not; for they are not only honourable, but generous. I don't know; the age allows too great freedoms. A distant salute is all I would have allowed before the ceremony. I have had lovers formerly, not so long ago neither; several lovers, though I never would consent to marriage, and I never encouraged the least freedom. It is a foolish custom, and what I never would agree to. No man kissed more of me than my cheek. It is as much as one can bring one's self to, to give up lips to a husband; and indeed, could I ever have been persuaded to marry, I believe, I should not have soon been brought to endure so much.' 'You will pardon me, dear Madam,' said Sophia, 'if I make one observation: you own you have had many lovers, and the world knows it, even if you should deny it. You refused them all, and, I am convinced, one coronet at least among them.' 'You say true, dear Sophia,' answered she; 'I had once the offer of a title.' 'Why then,' said Sophia, 'will you not suffer me to refuse this one?' 'It is true, child,' said she, 'I have refused the offer of a title: but it was not so good an offer; that is, not so very, very good an offer.'——'Yes, Madam,' said Sophia; 'but you have had very great proposals from men of vast fortunes. It was not the first, nor the second, nor the third advantageous match that offered itself.' 'I own it was not,' said she. 'Well, Madam,' continued Sophia, 'and why may not I expect

pect to have a second, perhaps, better than this? You are now but a young woman, and I am convinced would not promise to yield to the first lover of fortune, nay, or of title too. I am a very young woman, and sure I need not despair.' 'Well, my dear, dear Sophia,' cries the aunt, 'what would you have me say?' 'Why, I only beg that I may not be left alone, at least this evening: grant me that, and I will submit, if you think, after what is past, I ought, to see him in your company.' 'Well, I will grant it,' cries the aunt. 'Sophia, you know I love you, and can deny you nothing. You know the easiness of my nature; I have not always been so easy. I have been formerly thought cruel; by the men, I mean. I was called the cruel Parthenissa. I have broken many a window that has had verses to the cruel Parthenissa in it. Sophia, I was never so handsome as you, and yet I had something of you formerly. I am a little altered. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says in his epistles, undergo alterations, and so must the human form.' Thus run she on for near half an hour upon herself, and her conquests, and her cruelty, till the arrival of my Lord, who, after a most tedious visit, during which Mrs Western never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more satisfied with the aunt than with the niece. For Sophia had brought her aunt into so excellent a temper, that she consented to almost every thing her niece said: and agreed that a little distant behaviour might not be improper to so forward a lover.

Thus Sophia, by a little well directed flattery, for which surely none will blame her, obtained a little ease for herself, and, at least, put off the evil day. And now we have seen our heroine in a better

better situation than she hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr Jones, whom we left in the most deplorable situation that can well be imagined.

C H A P. V.

*Mrs Miller and Mr Nightingale visit Jones in the prison.*

WHEN Mr Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr Western, Mrs Miller set forwards to her son-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Partridge, (for Jones, when he left Mrs Miller, had been furnished with a room in the same house with Mr Nightingale.) The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr Jones, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forwards to the Gatehouse, where she heard he was, and where Mr Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmness and constancy of a true friend, is a circumstance so extremely delightful to persons in any kind of distress, that the distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compensated, by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are instances of this kind so rare, as some superficial and inaccurate observers have reported. To say the truth, want of compassion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition, is envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves,

without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miserable, with sufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that most of the defects which have discovered themselves in the friendships within my observation, have arisen from envy only, a hellish vice, and yet one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was, that Fortune was apprehensive lest Jones should sink under the weight of his adversity, and that she might thus lose any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her persecution, by sending him the company of two such faithful friends, and, what is perhaps more rare, a faithful servant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his master, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his cause.

While Jones was expressing great satisfaction in the presence of his friends, Partridge brought an account that Mr Fitzpatrick was still alive, though the surgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which, Jones, fetching a deep sigh, Nightingale said to him, 'My dear Tom, why should you afflict yourself so upon an accident, which, whatever be the consequence, can be attended with no danger to you, and in which your conscience cannot accuse you of having been in the least to blame? If the fellow should die, what have you done more, than taken away the life of a ruffian in your own defence? So will the

the coroner's inquest certainly find it; and then you will be easily admitted to bail: and though you must undergo the form of a trial, yet it is a trial which many men would stand for you for a shilling.' 'Come, come, Mr Jones,' said Mrs Miller, 'cheer yourself up. I knew you could not be the aggressor, and so I told Mr Allworthy, and so he shall acknowledge too before I have done with him.'

Jones gravely answered, 'That whatever might be his fate, he should always lament the having shed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of the highest misfortunes which could have befallen him. But I have another misfortune of the tenderest kind.—O! Mrs Miller, I have lost what I held most dear upon earth.' 'That must be a mistress,' said Mrs Miller; 'but come, come, I know more than you imagine; (for indeed Partidge had blabbed all), and I have heard more than you know. Matters go better, I promise you, than you think; and I would not give Blifil sixpence for all the chance which he hath of the lady.'

'Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,' answered Jones, 'you are an entire stranger to the cause of my grief. If you was acquainted with the story, you would allow my case admitted of no comfort. I apprehend no danger from Blifil. I have undone myself.' 'Don't despair,' replied Mrs Miller; 'you know not what a woman can do: and if any thing be in my power, I promise you I will do it to serve you. It is my duty. My son, my dear Mr Nightingale, who is so kind to tell me he hath obligations to you on the same account, knows it is my duty. Shall I go to the lady myself? I will say any thing to her you would have me say.'

‘Thou best of women,’ cries Jones, taking her by the hand, ‘talk not of obligations to me :—— but, as you have been so kind to mention it, there is a favour which, perhaps, may be in your power. I see you are acquainted with the lady (how you came by your information I know not), who sits indeed very near my heart. If you could contrive to deliver this, (giving her a paper from his pocket) I shall for ever acknowledge your goodness.’

‘Give it me,’ said Mrs Miller. ‘If I see it not in her possession before I sleep, may my next sleep be my last. Comfort yourself, my good young man; be wise enough to take warning from past follies, and I warrant all shall be well, and I shall yet see you happy with the most charming young lady in the world; for so I hear from every one she is.’

‘Believe me, Madam,’ said he, ‘I do not speak the common cant of one in my unhappy situation. Before this dreadful accident happened, I had resolved to quit a life of which I was become sensible of the wickedness as well as folly. I do assure you, notwithstanding the disturbances I have unfortunately occasioned in your house, for which I heartily ask your pardon, I am not an abandoned profligate. Though I have been hurried into vices, I do not approve a vicious character; nor will I ever from this moment deserve it.’

Mrs Miller expressed great satisfaction in these declarations, in the sincerity of which she averred she had an entire faith: and now the remainder of the conversation passed in the joint attempts of that good woman and Mr Nightingale to cheer the dejected spirits of Mr Jones, in which they so far succeeded, as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him; to which  
happy

happy alteration nothing so much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs Miller to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he despaired of finding any means to accomplish : for when Black George produced the last from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that she had strictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any answer. He was, moreover, not a little pleased to find he had so warm an advocate to Mr Allworthy himself in this good woman, who was, in reality, one of the worthiest creatures in the world.

After about an hour's visit from the lady, (for Nightingale had been with him much longer), they both took their leave, promising to return to him soon ; during which, Mrs Miller said, she hoped to bring him some good news from his mistress ; and Mr Nightingale promised to inquire into the state of Mr Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewise to find out some of the persons who were present at the rencounter.

The former of these went directly in quest of Sophia, whither we likewise shall now attend her.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which Mrs Miller pays a visit to Sophia.*

ACCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult : for as she lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, she was at full liberty to receive what visitants she pleased.

Sophia was dressing when she was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her. As she was neither afraid nor ashamed to see any of her own sex, Mrs Miller was immediately admitted.

Curt'sies, and the usual ceremonials between women who are strangers to each other being passed, Sophia said, 'I have not the pleasure to know you, Madam.' 'No, Madam,' answered Mrs Miller, 'and I must beg pardon for intruding upon you. But when you know what has induced me to give you this trouble, I hope'——'Pray, what is your business, Madam?' said Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Madam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs Miller in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' said Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs Miller said, 'I was desired, Madam, by a very unhappy young gentleman, to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when she saw the direction, well knowing the hand; and after some hesitation said,——'I could not conceive, Madam, from your appearance, that your business had been of such a nature.—Whomever you brought this letter from, I shall not open it. I should be sorry to entertain an unjust suspicion of any one; but you are an utter stranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, Madam,' answered Mrs Miller, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and how I came by that letter.' 'I have no curiosity, Madam, to know any thing,' cries Sophia; 'but I must insist on your delivering that letter back to the person who gave it you.'

Mrs Miller then fell upon her knees, and in the most passionate terms implored her compassion; to which Sophia answered, 'Sure, Madam, it is surprising you should be so very strongly interested in the behalf of this person. I would not think, Madam'——'No, Madam,' says Mrs Miller, 'you shall not think any thing but

but the truth. I will tell you all, and you will not wonder that I am interested. He is the best-natured creature that ever was born.'——She then began and related the story of Mr Henderson.——After this she cried, 'This, Madam, this is his goodness; but I have much more tender obligations to him: he hath preserved my child.'——Here, after shedding some tears, she related every thing concerning that fact, suppressing only those circumstances which would have most reflected on her daughter, and concluded with saying, 'Now, Madam, you shall judge whether I can ever do enough for so kind, so good, so generous a young man; and sure he is the best and worthiest of all human beings.'

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her disadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleness; but she now waxed redder, if possible, than vermillion, and cried, 'I know not what to say; certainly what arises from gratitude cannot be blamed.——But what service can my reading this letter do your friend, since I am resolved never'——Mrs Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven; but she could not, she said, carry it back. 'Well, Madam,' says Sophia, 'I cannot help it, if you will force it upon me.——Certainly you may leave it whether I will or no.' What Sophia meant, or whether she meant any thing, I will not presume to determine; but Mrs Miller actually understood this as a hint, and presently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave, having first begged permission to wait again on Sophia; which request had neither assent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till  
Mrs

Mrs Miller was out of sight ; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little service to his cause ; for it consisted of little more than confessions of his own unworthiness, and bitter lamentations of despair, together with the most solemn protestations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which he said he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the honour of being admitted to her presence ; and that he could account for the letter to Lady Bellaſton, in ſuch a manner, that though it would not entitle him to her forgiveness, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever leſs in his thoughts than to marry Lady Bellaſton.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning ſtill remained a riddle to her ; nor could her invention ſuggeſt to her any means to excuſe Jones. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed Lady Bellaſton took up ſo much of her reſentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to beſtow on any perſon.

That lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very day with her aunt Weſtern, and in the afternoon they were all three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to Lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her aunt ; and as to the arts of counterfeiting illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a ſtranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When ſhe was dreſſed, therefore, down ſhe went, reſolved to encounter all the horrors of the day ; and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved : for Lady Bellaſton took every opportunity, very civilly, and ſtily, to inſult her ;

her ; to all which her dejection of spirits disabled her from making any return : and indeed, to confess the truth, she was at the very best but an indifferent mistress of repartee.

Another misfortune which beset poor Sophia, was the company of Lord Fellamar, whom she met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places were too public to admit of any particularities, and she was farther relieved by the music at the one place, and by the cards at the other, she could not, however, enjoy herself in his company : for there is something of delicacy in women which will not suffer them to be even easy in the presence of a man whom they know to have pretensions to them which they are disinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our posterity, it is hoped, will not understand in the sense it is here applied, [we shall, notwithstanding our present haste, stop a moment, to describe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment describe it.

A drum then, is an assembly of well-dressed persons of both sexes, most of whom play at cards, and the rest do nothing at all ; while the mistress of the house performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and, like the landlady of an inn, prides herself in the number of her guests, though she doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder then, as so much spirits must be required to support any vivacity in these scenes of dulness, that we hear persons of fashion eternally complaining of the want of them ; a complaint confined entirely to upper-life. How insupportable must we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia at this time ! how difficult  
must

must she have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tenderest sorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas!

Night, however, at last restored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to sooth her melancholy at least, though incapable, we fear, of rest; and shall pursue our history, which, something whispers us, is now arrived at the eve of some great event.

## CHAP. VII.

*A pathetic scene between Mr Allworthy and Mrs Miller.*

MRS Miller had a long discourse with Mr Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which she acquainted him with Mr Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their separation, and with the distresses to which that loss had subjected him: of all which, she had received a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter; for though she had the utmost confidence in Mr Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair secret, which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen, yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those circumstances which reflected most on the chastity of poor Nancy, but smothered that part of her evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a judge, and the girl was now on a trial for the murder of a bastard.

Allworthy

Allworthy said, there were few characters so absolutely vicious, as not to have the least mixture of good in them: 'However,' says he, 'I cannot deny but that you had some obligations to the fellow, bad as he is, and I shall therefore excuse what hath past already, but must insist you never mention his name to me more; for I promise you it was upon the fullest and plainest evidence that I resolved to take the measures I have taken.' 'Well, Sir,' says she, 'I make not the least doubt but time will shew all matters in their true and natural colours, and that you will be convinced this poor young man deserves better of you than some other folks that shall be nameless.'

'Madam,' cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, 'I will not hear any reflections on my nephew; and if you ever say a word more of that kind, I will depart from your house that instant. He is the worthiest and best of men; and I once more repeat it to you, he hath carried his friendship to this man to a blameable length, by too long concealing facts of the blackest dye. The ingratitude of the wretch to this good young man, is what I most resent: for, Madam, I have the greatest reason to imagine he had a plot to supplant my nephew in my favour, and to have disinherited him.'

'I am sure, Sir,' answered Mrs Miller, a little frightened, (for though Mr Allworthy had the utmost sweetness and benevolence in his smiles, he had great terror in his frowns), 'I shall never speak against any gentleman you are pleased to think well of. I am sure, Sir, such behaviour would very little become me, especially when the gentleman is your nearest relation: but, Sir, you must not be angry with me, you must not indeed, for my good wishes to this poor wretch. Sure I  
may

may call him so now, though once you would have been angry with me if I had spoke of him with the least disrespect. How often have I heard you call him your son? how often have you prattled to me of him, with all the fondness of a parent? Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many tender expressions, the many good things you have told me of his beauty, and his parts, and his virtues; of his good-nature and generosity.—I am sure, Sir, I cannot forget them, for I find them all true. I have experienced them in my own case. They have preserved my family. You must pardon my tears, Sir, indeed you must, when I consider the cruel reverse of fortune which this poor youth, to whom I am so much obliged, hath suffered: when I consider the loss of your favour, which I know he valued more than his life, I must, I must lament him. If you had a dagger in your hand, ready to plunge into my heart, I must lament the misery of one whom you have loved, and I shall ever love.’

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this speech, but it seemed not to be with anger; for after a short silence, taking Mrs Miller by the hand, he said very affectionately to her, ‘Come, Madam, let us consider a little about your daughter. I cannot blame you for rejoicing in a match which promises to be advantageous to her; but you know this advantage, in a great measure, depends on the father’s reconciliation. I know Mr Nightingale very well, and have formerly had concerns with him; I will make him a visit, and endeavour to serve you in this matter. I believe he is a worldly man; but as this is an only son, and the thing is now irretrievable, perhaps he may in  
time

time be brought to reason. I promise you I will do all I can for you.'

Many were the acknowledgments which the poor woman made to Allworthy, for this kind and generous offer; nor could she refrain from taking this occasion again to express her gratitude towards Jones, 'to whom,' said she, 'I owe the opportunity of giving you, Sir, this present trouble.' Allworthy gently stopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of so noble a principle as now actuated Mrs Miller; and indeed, had not this new affair inflamed his former anger against Jones, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itself could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr Allworthy and Mrs Miller had been above an hour together, when their conversation was put an end to by the arrival of Blifil, and another person, which other person was no less than Mr Dowling the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr Blifil, and whom Mr Allworthy, at the desire of his nephew, had made his steward; and had likewise recommended him to Mr Western, from whom the attorney had received a promise of being promoted to the same office upon the first vacancy; and, in the mean time, was employed in transacting some affairs which the squire then had in London, in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr Dowling to town; therefore he took the same opportunity to charge himself with some money for Mr Allworthy, and to make a report to him of some other business; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this

history, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and resort to other matters.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Containing various matters.*

**B**EFORE we return to Mr Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good-humour by those soothing methods, which we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate in her zeal for the match with Lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by Lady Bellaston, who had told her the preceding evening, that she was well satisfied, from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his Lordship, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to succeed, was to press the match forward with such rapidity, that the young lady should have no time to reflect, and be obliged to consent, while she scarce knew what she did; in which manner, she said, one half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about: a fact very probably true; and to which I suppose is owing the mutual tenderness which afterwards exists among so many happy couples.

A hint of the same kind was given by the same lady to Lord Fellamar; and both these so readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his Lordship's request, appointed by Mrs Western for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and insisted upon in such high terms, that, after having urged every thing she could possibly  
invent

invent against it, without the least effect, she at last agreed to give the highest instance of complaisance which any young lady can give, and consented to see his Lordship.

As conversations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that passed at this interview; in which, after his Lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion, to the silent blushing Sophia; she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low voice, said, 'My Lord, you must be yourself conscious whether your former behaviour to me hath been consistent with the professions you now make.' 'Is there,' answered he, 'no way by which I can atone for madness? What I did, I am afraid, must have too plainly convinced you, that the violence of love had deprived me of my senses.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' said she, 'it is in your power to give me a proof of an affection which I much rather wish to encourage, and to which I shall think myself more beholden.' 'Name it, Madam,' said my Lord very warmly.—'My Lord,' says she, looking down upon her fan, 'I know you must be sensible how uneasy this pretended passion of yours hath made me'.—'Can you be so cruel to call it pretended?' says he.—'Yes, my Lord,' answered Sophia, 'all professions of love to those whom we persecute, are most insulting pretences. This pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel persecution; nay, it is taking a most ungenerous advantage of my unhappy situation.' 'Most lovely, most adorable charmer, do not accuse me,' cries he, 'of taking an ungenerous advantage, while I have no thoughts but what are directed to your honour and interest; and while I have no view, no hope,

no ambition, but to throw myself, honour, fortune, every thing, at your feet.' 'My Lord,' says she, 'it is that fortune, and those honours, which give you the advantage of which I complain. These are the charms which have seduced my relations; but to me they are things indifferent. If your Lordship will merit my gratitude, there is but one way.'—'Pardon me, divine creature,' said he, 'there can be none. All I can do for you, is so much your due, and will give me so much pleasure, that there is no room for your gratitude.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' answered she, 'you may obtain my gratitude, my good opinion, every kind thought and wish which it is in my power to bestow; nay, you may obtain them with ease; for sure to a generous mind it must be easy to grant my request. Let me beseech you then, to cease a pursuit in which you can never have any success. For your own sake, as well as mine, I intreat this favour: for sure you are too noble to have any pleasure in tormenting an unhappy creature. What can your Lordship propose but uneasiness to yourself, by a perseverance, which, upon my honour, upon my soul, cannot, shall not prevail with me, whatever distresses you may drive me to?'—Here his Lordship fetched a deep sigh, and then said,—'Is it then, Madam, that I am so unhappy to be the object of your dislike and scorn; or will you pardon me if I suspect there is some other?'—Here he hesitated, and Sophia answered with some spirit, 'My Lord, I shall not be accountable to you for the reasons of my conduct. I am obliged to your Lordship for the generous offer you have made; I own it is beyond either my deserts or expectations; yet I hope, my Lord, you will not insist on my reasons, when I declare I cannot accept

cept it.'—Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled either to sense or grammar; but he concluded his ranting speech with saying, 'That if she had pre-engaged herself to any gentleman, however unhappy it would make him, he should think himself bound in honour to desist.' Perhaps my Lord laid too much emphasis on the word gentleman; for we cannot else well account for the indignation with which he inspired Sophia, who, in her answer, seemed greatly to resent some affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more raised than usual, Mrs Western came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames bursting from her eyes. 'I am ashamed,' says she, 'my Lord, of the reception which you have met with. I assure your Lordship we are all sensible of the honour done us; and I must tell you, Miss Western, the family expects a different behaviour from you.' Here my Lord interposed in behalf of the young lady, but to no purpose: the aunt proceeded, till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herself into a chair, and burst into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the conversation between Mrs Western and his Lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter lamentations on his side, and on hers of the strongest assurances that her niece should and would consent to all he wished. 'Indeed, my Lord,' says she, 'the girl hath had a foolish education, neither adapted to her fortune nor her family. Her father, I'm sorry to say it, is to blame for every thing. The girl hath silly country notions of bashfulness. Nothing else, my

Lord, upon my honour; I am convinced she hath a good understanding at the bottom, and will be brought to reason.'

This last speech was made in the absence of Sophia; for she had some time before left the room, with more appearance of passion than she had ever shewn on any occasion; and now his Lordship, after many expressions of thanks to Mrs Western, many ardent professions of passion, which nothing could conquer, and many assurances of perseverance, which Mrs Western highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs Western and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the return of Mrs Western with so much fury as we have seen.

The reader then must know, that the maid who at present attended on Sophia, was recommended by Lady Bellafton, with whom she had lived for some time in the capacity of a comb-brush; she was a very sensible girl, and had received the strictest instructions to watch her young lady very carefully. These instructions, we are sorry to say, were communicated to her by Mrs Honour, into whose favour Lady Bellafton had now so ingratiated herself, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia, was entirely obliterated by the great attachment which she had to her new mistress.

Now when Mrs Miller was departed, Betty, (for that was the name of the girl), returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter; and the visible emotions which she betrayed on that occasion, might have well accounted for some suspicions which the  
girl

girl entertained : but indeed they had yet a stronger foundation ; for she had overheard the whole scene which passed between Sophia and Mrs Miller.

Mrs Western was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations, and some rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter came again, she should introduce her to Mrs Western herself.

Unluckily Mrs Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his Lordship. Betty, according to order, sent her directly to the aunt ; who being mistress of so many circumstances, relating to what had passed the day before, easily imposed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair ; and so pumped every thing out of her which she knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might indeed be called simplicity itself. She was one of that order of mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is said to them ; to whom nature hath neither indulged the offensive nor defensive weapons of deceit, and who are consequently liable to be imposed upon by any one, who will only be at the expence of a little falsehood for that purpose. Mrs Western having drained Mrs Miller of all she knew, which indeed was but little, but which was sufficient to make the aunt suspect a great deal, dismissed her with assurances that Sophia would not see her, that she would send no answer to the letter, nor ever receive another ; nor did she suffer her to depart without a handsome lecture on the merits of an office, to which she could afford no better name than that of procuress. This discovery had greatly discomposed her temper, when, coming into the  
apartment

apartment next to that in which the lovers were, she overheard Sophia very warmly protesting against his Lordship's addresses. At which the rage already kindled, burst forth, and she rushed in upon her niece in a most furious manner, as we have already described, together with what passed at that time, till his Lordship's departure.

No sooner was Lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs Western returned to Sophia, whom she upbraided in the most bitter terms, for the ill use she had made of the confidence reposed in her; and for her treachery in conversing with a man with whom she had offered but the day before to bind herself, in the most solemn oath, never more to have any conversation. Sophia protested she had maintained no such conversation. 'How, how! Miss Western,' said the aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a letter from him yesterday?' 'A letter, Madam!' answered Sophia, somewhat surprised. 'It is not very well bred, Miss,' replies the aunt, 'to repeat my words. I say a letter, and insist upon your shewing it me immediately.' 'I scorn a lie, Madam,' said Sophia; 'I did receive a letter, but it was without my desire, and indeed, I may say, against my consent.' 'Indeed, indeed, Miss,' cries the aunt, 'you ought to be ashamed of owning you had received it at all: but where is the letter? for I will see it.'

To this peremptory demand, Sophia paused some time before she returned an answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the letter in her pocket, which was indeed true. Upon which her aunt losing all manner of patience, asked her niece this short question, 'Whether she would resolve to marry Lord Fellamar or no?' to which she received the strongest negative. Mrs  
Western

Western than replied with an oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia then began to reason with her aunt in the following manner: 'Why, Madam, must I of necessity be forced to marry at all? Consider how cruel you would have thought it in your own case, and how much kinder your parents were in leaving you to your liberty. What have I done to forfeit this liberty? I will never marry contrary to my father's consent, nor without asking yours:—and when I ask the consent of either improperly, it will be then time enough to force some other marriage upon me.' 'Can I bear to hear this,' cries Mrs Western, 'from a girl who hath now a letter from a murderer in her pocket?' 'I have no such letter I promise you,' answered Sophia; 'and if he be a murderer, he will soon be in no condition to give you any further disturbance.' 'How, Miss Western,' said the aunt, 'have you the assurance to speak of him in this manner—to own your affection for such a villain to my face!' 'Sure, Madam,' said Sophia, 'you put a very strange construction on my words.' 'Indeed, Miss Western,' cries the lady, 'I cannot bear this usage; you have learnt of your father this manner of treating me; he hath taught you to give me the lie; he hath totally ruined you by his false system of education; and, please Heaven, he shall have the comfort of its fruits: for once more I declare to you, that to-morrow morning I will carry you back. I will withdraw all my forces from the field, and remain henceforth, like the wise king of Prussia, in a state of perfect neutrality. You are both too wise to be regulated by my measures: so prepare yourself;  
for

for to-morrow morning you shall evacuate this house.'

Sophia remonstrated all she could ; but her aunt was deaf to all she said. In this resolution therefore we must at present leave her, as there seems to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

## C H A P. IX.

*What happened to Mr Jones in the prison.*

**M**R Jones passed above twenty-four melancholy hours by himself, unless when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr Nightingale returned : not that this worthy young man had deserted or forgot his friend ; for indeed he had been much the greater part of the time employed in his service.

He had heard, upon inquiry, that the only persons who had seen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter, were a crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford, therefore, he went in search of this crew, where he was informed, that the men he sought after were all gone ashore. He then traced them from place to place, till at last he found two of them drinking together with a third person, at a hedge-tavern, near Aldersgate.

Nightingale desired to speak with Jones by himself, (for Partridge was in the room when he came in.) As soon as they were alone, Nightingale taking Jones by the hand, cried, ' Come, my brave friend, be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell you.—I am sorry I am the messenger of bad news ; but I think it my duty to tell you.' ' I guess already what that bad news is,'  
cries

cries Jones. 'The poor gentleman then is dead.'  
 ——'I hope not,' answered Nightingale. 'He was alive this morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear, from the accounts I got, that his wound is mortal. But if the affair be exactly as you told it, your own remorse would be all you would have reason to apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive me, my dear Tom, if I intreat you to make the worst of your story to your friends. If you disguise any thing to us, you will only be an enemy to yourself.'

'What reason, my dear Jack, have I ever given you,' said Jones, 'to stab me with so cruel a suspicion?' 'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and I will tell you all. After the most diligent inquiry I could make, I at last met with two of the fellows who were present at this unhappy accident; and I am sorry to say, they do not relate the story so much in your favour as you yourself have told it.' 'Why, what do they say?' cries Jones. 'Indeed what I am sorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the consequence of it to you. They say, that they were at too great a distance to overhear any words that passed between you; but they both agree that the first blow was given by you.' 'Then, upon my soul,' answered Jones, 'they injure me. He not only struck me first, but struck me without the least provocation. What should induce those villains to accuse me falsely?' 'Nay, that I cannot guess,' said Nightingale; 'and if you yourself, and I, who am so heartily your friend, cannot conceive a reason why they should belie you, what reason will an indifferent court of justice be able to assign why they should not believe them? I repeated the question to them several times, and so did another gentleman who was present,

sent, who, I believe, is a seafaring man, and who really acted a very friendly part by you; for he begged them often to consider, that there was the life of a man in the case, and asked them over and over if they were certain? to which they both answered, that they were, and would abide by their evidence upon oath. For Heaven's sake, my dear friend, recollect yourself; for if this should appear to be the fact, it will be your business to think in time of making the best of your interest. I would not shock you; but you know, I believe, the severity of the law, whatever verbal provocations may have been given you.' 'Alas! my friend,' cries Jones, 'what interest hath such a wretch as I? Besides, do you think I would even wish to live with the reputation of a murderer? If I had any friends, (as, alas! I have none) could I have the confidence to solicit them to speak in the behalf of a man condemned for the blackest crime in human nature? Believe me, I have no such hope; but I have some reliance on a throne still greatly superior, which will, I am certain, afford me all the protection I merit.'

He then concluded with many solemn and vehement protestations of the truth of what he had at first asserted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again staggered, and began to incline to credit his friend, when Mrs Miller appeared, and made a sorrowful report of the success of her embassy; which, when Jones had heard, he cried out most heroically, 'Well, my friend, I am now indifferent as to what shall happen, at least with regard to my life; and if it be the will of Heaven that I shall make an atonement with that for the blood I have spilt, I hope the Divine Goodness will one day suffer my honour

honour to be cleared, and that the words of a dying man at least will be believed, so far as to justify his character.

A very mournful scene now passed between the prisoner and his friends, at which, as few readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the entrance of the turnkey, who acquainted Jones that there was a lady without who desired to speak with him when he was at leisure.

Jones declared his surprise at this message. He said, 'He knew no lady in the world whom he could possibly expect to see there.' However, as he saw no reason to decline seeing any person, Mrs Miller and Mr Nightingale presently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was surprised at the news of a visit from a lady, how greatly was he astonished, when he discovered this lady to be no other than Mrs Waters! In this astonishment then we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the surprise of the reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs Waters was, the reader pretty well knows; what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the same coach with Mr Fitzpatrick and the other Irish gentleman, and in their company travelled to Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely, that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office, had resigned, or at least deserted her duty.

Mr Fitzpatrick having, therefore, thoroughly examined Mrs Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on their arrival at Bath, he presently conferred upon her, and she, without any scruple, accepted. As husband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they staid at Bath, and as husband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr Fitzpatrick was so wise a man as not to part with one good thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a prospect of regaining; or, whether Mrs Waters had so well discharged her office, that he intended still to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the case) only her deputy, I will not say; but certain it is, he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs Western, nor ever once hinted his purpose of repossessing his wife, much less did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him where-ever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent persons who think a wife, a mother, a sister, or sometimes a whole family, the safest seconds on these occasions. The first account, therefore, which she had of all this, was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been dressed.

As Mr Fitzpatrick, however, had not the clearest way of telling a story at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confused than usual, it was some time before she discovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound, was the very same person from whom her heart had received a wound, which, though not of a mortal kind, was yet so deep, that it had left a considerable

able scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr Jones himself was the man who had been committed to the Gatehouse for this supposed murder, than she took the first opportunity of committing Mr Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurse, and hastened away to visit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aspect of poor Jones, who started, and blessed himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, 'Nay, I do not wonder at your surprise; I believe you did not expect to see me; for few gentlemen are troubled here with visits from any lady, unless a wife. You see the power you have over me, Mr Jones. Indeed, I little thought, when we parted at Upton, that our next meeting would have been in such a place.' 'Indeed, Madam,' says Jones, 'I must look upon this visit as kind: few will follow the miserable, especially to such dismal habitations.' 'I protest, Mr Jones,' says she, 'I can hardly persuade myself you are the same agreeable fellow I saw at Upton. Why, your face is more miserable than any dungeon in the universe. What can be the matter with you?' 'I thought, Madam,' said Jones, 'as you knew of my being here, you knew the unhappy reason.' 'Pugh,' says she, 'you have pinked a man in a duel, that's all.' Jones expressed some indignation at this levity, and spoke with the utmost contrition for what had happened. To which she answered, 'Well then, Sir, if you take it so much to heart, I will relieve you: the gentleman is not dead, and, I am pretty confident, is in no danger of dying. The surgeon indeed who first dressed him, was a young fellow, and seemed desirous of representing his case to be as bad as possible,

that he might have the more honour of curing him : but the king's surgeon hath seen him since, and says, unless from a fever, of which there are at present no symptoms, he apprehends not the least danger of life.' Jones shewed great satisfaction in his countenance at this report ; upon which she affirmed the truth of it, adding, ' By the most extraordinary accident in the world, I lodge at the same house, and have seen the gentleman, and I promise you he doth you justice, and says, whatever be the consequence, that he was entirely the aggressor, and that you was not in the least to blame.'

Jones expressed the utmost satisfaction at the account which Mrs Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which she well knew before, as, who Mr Fitzpatrick was, the occasion of his resentment, &c. He likewise told her several facts of which she was ignorant, as, the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty, every one of which, he said, had been attended with such ill consequences, that he should be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit those vicious courses for the future. He lastly concluded with assuring her of his resolution to sin no more, lest a worse thing should happen to him.

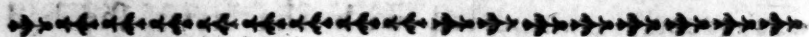
Mrs Waters with great pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low spirits and confinement. She repeated some witticisms about the devil when he was sick, and told him, ' She doubted not but shortly to see him at liberty, and as lively a fellow as ever ; and then,' says she, ' I don't question but your conscience will be safely delivered of all these qualms that it is now so sick in breeding.'

Many

Many more things of this kind she uttered, some of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of some readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the answers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We shall therefore suppress the rest of this conversation, and only observe, that it ended at last with perfect innocence, and much more to the satisfaction of Jones, than of the lady; for the former was greatly transported with the news she had brought him; but the latter was not altogether so pleased with the penitential behaviour of a man, whom she had at her first interview conceived a very different opinion of, from what she now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occasioned by the report of Mr Nightingale, was pretty well effaced; but the dejection into which Mrs Miller had thrown him, still continued. The account she gave, so well tallied with the words of Sophia herself in her letter, that he made not the least doubt but that she had disclosed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed resolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him, were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune yet had in store for him, and which we shall communicate in the second chapter of the ensuing book.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.



BOOK XVIII.

Containing about six days.

CHAP. I.

*A farewell to the reader.*

WE are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have, therefore, travelled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers in a stage-coach, who have passed several days in the company of each other, and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for the last time, into their vehicle with cheerfulness and good-humour; since, after this one stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then, in this last book, to imitate the good company I have,

have mentioned in their last journey. Now, it is well known, that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aside : whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest sake personated on the road, are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same manner, if I have now and then, in the course of this work, indulged any pleasantry for thy entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of those ludicrous observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may, sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last book, thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only ; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it scarce sufficient to tell the story.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee farewell. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things perhaps here said may have hit thee or thy friends ; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee, or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow : but whoever told thee so, did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than myself ; nor hath any man more reason ; for none hath ever been treated with more : and, what is a very severe fate, I have:

have had some of the abusive writings of those very men fathered upon me, who in other of their works have abused me themselves with the utmost virulence.

All these works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page shall offer itself to thy perusal: for however short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm author, and the weakly productions of his abusive contemporaries.

## C H A P. II.

*Containing a very tragical incident.*

**W**HILE Jones was employed in those unpleasant meditations, in which we left him tormenting himself, Partridge came stumbling into the room with his face paler than ashes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair standing on end, and every limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would have done had he seen a spectre, or had he indeed been a spectre himself.

Jones, who was little subject to fear, could not avoid being somewhat shocked at this sudden appearance. He did indeed himself change colour, and his voice a little faltered, while he asked him what was the matter.

‘I hope, Sir,’ said Partridge, ‘you will not be angry with me. Indeed I did not listen, but I was obliged to stay in the outward room. I am sure I wish I had been an hundred miles off, rather than have heard what I have heard.’ ‘Why, what is the matter?’ said Jones. ‘The matter, Sir! O good Heaven!’ answered Partridge; ‘Was that woman who is just gone out, the woman who  
was

was with you at Upton?' 'She was, Partridge,' cries Jones. 'And did you really, Sir, go to bed with that woman?' said he trembling.—'I am afraid what passed between us is no secret,' said Jones.—'Nay, but pray, Sir, for Heaven's sake, Sir, answer me,' cries Partridge.—'You know I did,' cries Jones.—'Why then, the Lord have mercy upon your soul, and forgive you,' cries Partridge; 'but, as sure as I stand here alive, you have been a-bed with your own mother.'

Upon these words, Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himself. He was indeed for some time struck dumb with amazement, and both stood staring wildly at each other. At last his words found way, and in an interrupted voice he said,—'How! how! what's this you tell me?' 'Nay, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have not breath enough left to tell you now—but what I have said is most certainly true.—That woman who now went out, is your own mother. How unlucky was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to see her at that time, to have prevented it! Sure the devil himself must have contrived to bring about this wickedness.'

'Sure,' cries Jones, 'Fortune will never have done with me, till she hath driven me to distraction. But why do I blame Fortune? I am myself the cause of all my misery. All the dreadful mischiefs which have befallen me, are the consequences only of my own folly and vice. What thou hast told me, Partridge, hath almost deprived me of my senses. And was this Mrs Waters then—But why do I ask? for thou must certainly know her.—If thou hast any affection for me; nay, if thou hast any pity, let me beseech thee to fetch this miserable woman back again to me. O good

good Heavens! Incest—with a mother! To what am I reserved?’ He then fell into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and despair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him; but at last having vented the first torrent of passion, he came a little to himself; and then, having acquainted Partridge that he would find this wretched woman in the same house where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of her.

If the reader will please to refresh his memory, by turning to the scene at Upton in the ninth book, he will be apt to admire the many strange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs Waters, when she spent a whole day there with Mr Jones. Instances of this kind we may frequently observe in life, where the greatest events are produced by a nice train of little circumstances; and more than one example of this may be discovered by the accurate eye, in this our history.

After a fruitless search of two or three hours, Partridge returned back to his master, without having seen Mrs Waters. Jones, who was in a state of desperation at this delay, was almost raving mad when he brought him this account. He was not long however in this condition, before he received the following letter.

‘SIR,  
‘SINCE I left you, I have seen a gentleman,  
‘from whom I have learnt something concerning you, which greatly surprises and affects me; but as I have not at present leisure to communicate a matter of such high importance, you must suspend your curiosity till our next meeting,  
‘which

‘ which shall be the first moment I am able to see  
 ‘ you. O Mr Jones ! little did I think, when I  
 ‘ passed that happy day at Upton, the reflection  
 ‘ upon which is like to embitter all my future life,  
 ‘ who it was to whom I owed such perfect happi-  
 ‘ ness. Believe me to be ever sincerely your un-  
 ‘ fortunate

‘ J. WATERS.

‘ P. S. I would have you comfort yourself as  
 ‘ much as possible ; for Mr Fitzpatrick is in no  
 ‘ manner of danger ; so that, whatever other griev-  
 ‘ ous crimes you may have to repent of, the guilt  
 ‘ of blood is not among the number.’

Jones having received the letter, let it drop,  
 (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had  
 scarce the use of any one of his faculties). Part-  
 ridge took it up, and, having received consent by  
 silence, read it likewise ; nor had it upon him a  
 less sensible effect. The pencil, and not the pen,  
 should describe the horrors which appeared in both  
 their countenances. While they both remained  
 speechless, the turnkey entered the room, and,  
 without taking any notice of what sufficiently dis-  
 covered itself in the faces of them both, acquaint-  
 ed Jones that a man without desired to speak with  
 him. This person was presently introduced, and  
 was no other than Black George.

As sights of horror were not so usual to George  
 as they were to the turnkey, he instantly saw the  
 great disorder which appeared in the face of Jones.  
 This he imputed to the accident that had happen-  
 ed, which was reported in the very worst light in  
 Mr Western’s family : he concluded therefore that  
 the gentleman was dead, and that Mr Jones was  
 in a fair way of coming to a shameful end. A  
 thought

thought which gave him much uneasiness; for George was of a compassionate disposition, and, notwithstanding a small breach of friendship, which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr Jones.

The poor fellow therefore scarce refrained from a tear at the present sight. He told Jones he was heartily sorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to consider, if he could be of any manner of service. 'Perhaps, Sir,' said he, 'you may want a little matter of money upon this occasion; if you do, Sir, what little I have is heartily at your service.'

Jones shook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but answered, He had not the least want of that kind. Upon which George began to press his services more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, come, my good master,' answered George, 'do not take the matter so much to heart. Things may end better than you imagine; to be sure you an't the first gentleman who hath killed a man, and yet come off.' 'You are wide of the matter, George,' said Partridge, 'the gentleman is not dead, nor like to die. Don't disturb my master at present, for he is troubled about a matter in which it is not in your power to do him any good.' 'You don't know what I may be able to do, Mr Partridge,' answered George; 'if his concern is about my young lady, I have some news to tell my master.'—'What do you say, Mr George?' cried Jones: 'hath any thing lately happened in which my Sophia is concerned? My Sophia!

Sophia! how dares such a wretch as I mention her so profanely?——‘I hope she will be yours yet,’ answered George.——‘Why, yes, Sir, I have something to tell you about her. Madam Western hath just brought Madam Sophia home, and there hath been a terrible to do. I could not possibly learn the very right of it; but my master he hath been in a vast big passion, and so was Madam Western; and I heard her say, as she went out of doors into her chair, that she would never set her foot in master’s house again. I don’t know what’s the matter, not I, but every thing was very quiet when I came out; but Robin, who waited at supper, said he had never seen the squire for a long while in such good humour with young Madam; that he kissed her several times, and swore she should be her own mistress, and he never would think of confining her any more. I thought this news would please you, and so I slipped out, though it was so late, to inform you of it.’ Mr Jones assured George that it did greatly please him; for though he should never more presume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could so much relieve his misery, as the satisfaction he should always have, in hearing of her welfare.

The rest of the conversation which passed at this visit, is not important enough to be here related. The reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleased to hear how this great good-will of the squire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs Western, on her first arrival at her brother’s lodging, began to set forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with Lord Fellamar, which

her niece had absolutely refused; in which refusal, when the squire took the part of his daughter, she fell immediately into the most violent passion, and so irritated and provoked the squire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there ensued between them both, so warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingsgate never equalled it. In the heat of this scolding. Mrs Western departed, and had consequently no leisure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have possibly produced ill effects; but, to say the truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs Western was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from necessity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part against her aunt, by taking his likewise against the lady. This was the first time of her so doing, and it was in the highest degree acceptable to the squire. Again he remembered that Mr Allworthy had insisted on an entire relinquishment of all violent means; and indeed, as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the least question succeeding with his daughter by fair means: he now therefore once more gave a loose to his natural fondness for her, which had such an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender, and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had her honour given to Jones, and something else perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a man she did not like, to have obliged her father. She promised him, she would make it the whole business of her life to oblige

oblige him, and would never marry any man against his consent; which brought the old man so near to his highest happiness, that he resolved to take the other sup, and went to bed completely drunk.

### CH A P. III.

*Allworthy visits old Nightingale; with a strange discovery that he made on that occasion.*

THE morning after these things had happened, Mr Allworthy went, according to his promise, to visit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was so great, that after having sat with him three hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his son.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one indeed of those strange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interposes in the discovery of the most secret villany, in order to caution men from quitting the paths of honesty, however warily they trade in those of vice.

Mr Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr Nightingale's, saw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him.

However, when their conversation on the principal point was over, Allworthy asked Nightingale whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house. 'Yes,' answered Nightingale, 'I know him very well; and a most extraordinary fellow he is, who, in these days, hath been able to hoard up 500*l.* from renting a very small estate of 30*l.* a year.' 'And

is this the story which he hath told you?" cries Allworthy. 'Nay, it is true, I promise you,' said Nightingale; 'for I have the money now in my own hands, in five bank-bills, which I am to lay out, either in a mortgage, or in some purchase in the north of England.' The bank-bills were no sooner produced, at Allworthy's desire, than he blessed himself at the strangeness of the discovery.

He presently told Mr Nightingale, that these bank-bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of business, than highwaymen, gamesters, and other thieves of that kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the frauds of gamesters, &c. as usurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind. Whether it be that the one way of cheating is a discountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common mistress of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no sooner heard the story, than he exclaimed against the fellow in terms much severer than the justice and honesty of Allworthy had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired Nightingale to retain both the money and the secret till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean time see the fellow, that he would not take the least notice to him of the discovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs Miller in a very dejected condition, on account of the information she had received from her son-in-law. Mr Allworthy, with great cheerfulness, told her, that he had much good news to communicate; and with little further preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr Nightingale

gale to consent to see his son, and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more soured by another accident of the same kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs Miller, and her son-in-law, did not yet know.

The reader may suppose Mrs Miller received this account with great thankfulness, and no less pleasure; but so uncommon was her friendship to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneasiness she suffered for his sake, did not overbalance her satisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending so much to the happiness of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligations she had to Jones, did not hurt as well as please her: when her grateful heart said to her, 'While my own family is happy, how miserable is the poor creature, to whose generosity we owe the beginning of all this happiness!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may use that expression) on these first tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which, he believed, would give her pleasure. 'I think,' said he, 'I have discovered a pretty considerable treasure belonging to the young gentleman, your friend; but, perhaps indeed, his present situation may be such that it will be of no service to him.' The latter part of the speech gave Mrs Miller to understand who was meant; and she answered with a sigh, 'I hope not, Sir.' 'I hope so too,' cries Allworthy, 'with all my heart; but my nephew told me this morning, he had heard a very bad account of the affair.'——

‘ Good Heaven! Sir,’ said she—‘ Well, I must not speak; and yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged to hold one’s tongue when one hears’——  
‘ Madam,’ says Allworthy, ‘ you may say whatever you please; you know me too well, to think I have a prejudice against any one; and as for that young man, I assure you I should be heartily pleased to find he could acquit himself of every thing, and particularly of this sad affair. You can testify the affection I have formerly borne him. The world, I know, censured me for loving him so much. I did not withdraw that affection from him, without thinking I had the justest cause. Believe me, Mrs Miller, I should be glad to find I have been mistaken.’—Mrs Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a servant acquainted her, that a gentleman without desired to speak with her immediately. Allworthy then inquired for his nephew, and was told, that he had been for some time in his room with the gentleman who had used to come to him, and whom Mr Allworthy guessed rightly to be Mr Dowling, he desired presently to speak with him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the case of the bank-notes to him, without mentioning any name, and asked in what manner such a person might be punished. To which Dowling answered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but said, as it was a matter of some nicety, it would be proper to go to counsel. He said he was to attend counsel presently upon an affair of Mr Western’s, and, if Mr Allworthy pleaded, he would lay the case before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs Miller opening the door, cried, ‘ I ask pardon, I did not know you had company;’ but Allworthy desired her

her to come in, saying, he had finished his business. Upon which Mr Dowling withdrew, and Mrs Miller introduced Mr Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindness done him by Mr Allworthy; but she had scarce patience to let the young gentleman finish his speech, before she interrupted him, saying, 'O Sir, Mr Nightingale brings great news about poor Mr Jones: he hath been to see the wounded gentleman, who is out of all danger of death, and, what is more, declares he fell upon poor Mr Jones himself, and beat him. I am sure, Sir, you would not have Mr Jones be a coward. If I was a man myself, I am sure if any man was to strike me, I should draw my sword. Do pray, my dear, tell Mr Allworthy, tell him all yourself.' Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs Miller had said, and concluded with many handsome things of Jones, who was, he said, one of the best-natured fellows in the world, and not in the least inclined to be quarrelsome. Here Nightingale was going to cease, when Mrs Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expressions he had heard him make use of towards Mr Allworthy. 'To say the utmost good of Mr Allworthy,' cries Nightingale, 'is doing no more than strict justice, and can have no merit in it; but indeed I must say, no man can be more sensible of the obligations he hath to so good a man, than is poor Jones. Indeed, Sir, I am convinced, the weight of your displeasure is the heaviest burden he lies under. He hath often lamented it to me, and hath as often protested, in the most solemn manner, he hath never been intentionally guilty of any offence towards you; nay, he hath sworn he would rather die a thousand deaths, than he would have his conscience upbraid him with one disrespectful,

ful, ungrateful, or undutiful thought towards you. But I ask pardon, Sir, I am afraid I presume to intermeddle too far in so tender a point.' 'You have spoke no more than what a Christian ought,' cries Mrs Miller. 'Indeed, Mr Nightingale,' answered Allworthy, 'I applaud your generous friendship, and I wish he may merit it of you. I confess I am glad to hear the report you bring from this unfortunate gentleman; and if that matter should turn out to be as you represent it, (and indeed I doubt nothing of what you say), I may perhaps, in time, be brought to think better than lately I have of this young man: for this good gentlewoman here, nay, all who know me, can witness that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my own son. Indeed I have considered him as a child sent by Fortune to my care. I still remember the innocent, the helpless situation in which I found him. I feel the tender pressure of his little hands at this moment.—He was my darling, indeed he was.' At which words he ceased, and the tears stood in his eyes.

As the answer which Mrs Miller made, may lead us into fresh matters, we will here stop to account for the visible alteration in Mr Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in histories and dramatic writings, for no other reason than because the history or play draws to a conclusion, and are justified by authority of authors: yet, though we insist upon as much authority as any author whatever, we shall use this power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this work.

This alteration, then, in the mind of Mr Allworthy,

worthy, was occasioned by a letter he had just received from Mr Square, and which we shall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*Containing two letters in very different styles.*

‘ My worthy friend,

‘ I Informed you in my last, that I was forbidden  
‘ the use of the waters, as they were found  
‘ by experience rather to increase than lessen the  
‘ symptoms of my distemper. I must now acquaint  
‘ you with a piece of news, which I believe will  
‘ afflict my friends more than it hath afflicted me.  
‘ Dr Harrington and Dr Brewster have informed  
‘ me, that there is no hopes of my recovery.

‘ I have somewhere read, that the great use of  
‘ philosophy, is to learn to die. I will not there-  
‘ fore so far disgrace mine, as to shew any surprise  
‘ at receiving a lesson which I must be thought to  
‘ have so long studied. Yet, to say the truth, one  
‘ page of the gospel teaches this lesson better than  
‘ all the volumes of ancient or modern philoso-  
‘ phers. The assurance it gives us of another life,  
‘ is a much stronger support to a good mind, than  
‘ all the consolations that are drawn from the ne-  
‘ cessity of nature, the emptiness or satiety of our  
‘ enjoyments here, or any other topic of those de-  
‘ clamations; which are sometimes capable of arm-  
‘ ing our minds with a stubborn patience in bear-  
‘ ing the thoughts of death, but never of raising  
‘ them to a real contempt of it, and much less of  
‘ making us think it is a real good. I would not  
‘ here be understood to throw the horrid censure  
‘ of atheism, or even the absolute denial of im-  
‘ mortality,

‘ mortality, on all who are called philosophers.—  
‘ Many of that sect, as well ancient as modern,  
‘ have, from the light of reason, discovered some  
‘ hopes of a future state; but, in reality, that  
‘ light was so faint and glimmering, and the hopes  
‘ were so uncertain and precarious, that it may  
‘ be justly doubted on which side their belief turn-  
‘ ed. Plato himself concludes his *Phædon* with  
‘ declaring, that his best arguments amount only  
‘ to raise a probability; and Cicero himself seems  
‘ rather to profess an inclination to believe, than  
‘ any actual belief in the doctrines of immortali-  
‘ ty. As to myself, to be very sincere with you,  
‘ I never was much in earnest in this faith, till I  
‘ was in earnest a Christian.

‘ You will perhaps wonder at the latter expres-  
‘ sion; but I assure you it hath not been till very  
‘ lately that I could with truth call myself so.—  
‘ The pride of philosophy had intoxicated my rea-  
‘ son; and the sublimest of all wisdom appeared to  
‘ me, as it did to the Greeks of old, to be foolish-  
‘ ness. God hath however been so gracious to  
‘ shew me my error in time, and to bring me into  
‘ the way of truth, before I sunk into utter dark-  
‘ ness for ever.

‘ I find myself beginning to grow weak; I shall  
‘ therefore hasten to the main purpose of this letter.

‘ When I reflect on the actions of my past life,  
‘ I know of nothing which sits heavier upon my  
‘ conscience, than the injustice I have been guilty  
‘ of to that poor wretch, your adopted son. I have  
‘ indeed not only connived at the villany of o-  
‘ thers, but been myself active in injustice towards  
‘ him. Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell  
‘ you, on the word of a dying man, he hath been  
‘ basely injured. As to the principal fact, upon  
‘ the misrepresentation of which you discarded  
‘ him,

‘ him, I solemnly assure you he is innocent. When  
 ‘ you lay upon your supposed death-bed, he was  
 ‘ the only person in the house who testified any  
 ‘ real concern; and what happened afterwards,  
 ‘ arose from the wildness of his joy on your reco-  
 ‘ very; and, I am sorry to say it, from the base-  
 ‘ ness of another person: (but it is my desire to  
 ‘ justify the innocent, and to accuse none). Be-  
 ‘ lieve me, my friend, this young man hath the  
 ‘ noblest generosity of heart, the most perfect ca-  
 ‘ pacity for friendship, the highest integrity, and  
 ‘ indeed every virtue which can ennoble a man.  
 ‘ He hath some faults, but among them is not to  
 ‘ be numbered the least want of duty or gratitude  
 ‘ towards you. On the contrary, I am satisfied,  
 ‘ when you dismissed him from your house, his  
 ‘ heart bled for you, more than for himself.

‘ Worldly motives were the wicked and base  
 ‘ reasons of my concealing this from you so long:  
 ‘ to reveal it now, I can have no inducement but  
 ‘ the desire of serving the cause of truth, of do-  
 ‘ ing right to the innocent, and of making all the  
 ‘ amends in my power for a past offence. I hope  
 ‘ this declaration therefore will have the effect de-  
 ‘ sired, and will restore this deserving young man  
 ‘ to your favour; the hearing of which, while I  
 ‘ am yet alive, will afford the utmost consolation  
 ‘ to,

‘ S I R,  
 ‘ Your most obliged,  
 ‘ Obedient humble servant,  
 ‘ THOMAS SQUARE.’

The reader will, after this, scarce wonder at  
 the revolution so visibly appearing in Allworthy,  
 notwithstanding he received from Mr Thwackum,  
 by the same post, another letter of a very differ-  
 ent

ent kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last time we shall have occasion to mention the name of that gentleman.

‘ S I R,

‘ I AM not at all surpris’d at hearing, from your  
‘ worthy nephew, a fresh instance of the vil-  
‘ lany of Mr Square the atheist’s young pupil.—  
‘ I shall not wonder at any murders he may com-  
‘ mit; and I heartily pray that your own blood may  
‘ not seal up his final commitment to the place of  
‘ wailing and gnashing of teeth.

‘ Though you cannot want sufficient calls to re-  
‘ pentance for the many unwarrantable weaknes-  
‘ ses exemplified in your behaviour to this wretch,  
‘ so much to the prejudice of your own lawful fa-  
‘ mily, and of your character; I say, though these  
‘ may sufficiently be supposed to prick and goad  
‘ your conscience at this season; I should yet be  
‘ wanting to my duty, if I spared to give you some  
‘ admonition, in order to bring you to a due sense  
‘ of your errors. I therefore pray you seriously  
‘ to consider the judgment which is likely to over-  
‘ take this wicked villain; and let it serve at least  
‘ as a warning to you, that you may not for the  
‘ future despise the advice of one who is so inde-  
‘ fatigable in his prayers for your welfare.

‘ Had not my hand been withheld from due  
‘ correction, I had scourged much of this diabolical  
‘ spirit out of a boy, of whom, from his infancy,  
‘ I discovered the devil had taken such entire  
‘ possession: but reflections of this kind now come  
‘ too late.

‘ I am sorry you have given away the living of  
‘ Western so hastily. I should have applied on  
‘ that occasion earlier, had I thought you would  
‘ not

‘ not have acquainted me previous to the disposition.—Your objection to pluralities, is being righteous over much. If there were any crime in the practice, so many godly men would not agree to it. If the Vicar of Aldergrove should die (as we hear he is in a declining way) I hope you will think of me, since I am certain you must be convinced of my most sincere attachment to your highest welfare; a welfare to which all worldly considerations are as trifling as the small tithes mentioned in Scripture are, when compared to the weighty matters of the law.

‘ I am, SIR,

‘ Your faithful humble servant,

‘ ROGER THWACKUM.’

This was the first time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative style to Mr Allworthy; and of this he had afterwards sufficient reason to repent, as in the case of those who mistake the highest degree of goodness for the lowest degree of weakness. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured: he also knew that his divinity itself was tinctured with his temper, and such as in many respects he himself did by no means approve: but he was at the same time an excellent scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this, the strict severity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honesty, and a most devout attachment to religion. So that, upon the whole, though Allworthy did not esteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and industry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up

in his own house, and under his own eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's instructions.

## C H A P. V.

*In which the history is continued.*

**M**R Allworthy, in his last speech, had recollected some tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes. This, Mrs Miller observing, said, 'Yes, yes, Sir, your goodness to this poor young man is known, notwithstanding all your care to conceal it: but there is not a single syllable of truth in what those villains said. Mr Nightingale hath now discovered the whole matter. It seems these fellows were employed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr Jones, to have pressed him on board a ship.—I assure them I don't know who they will press next. Mr Nightingale here hath seen the officer himself, who is a very pretty gentleman, and hath told him all, and is very sorry for what he undertook, which he would never have done, had he known Mr Jones to have been a gentleman; but he was told that he was a common strolling vagabond.'

Allworthy stared at all this, and declared he was a stranger to every word she said. 'Yes, Sir,' answered she, 'I believe you are.—It is a very different story, I believe, from what those fellows told the lawyer.'

'What lawyer, Madam? what is it you mean?' said Allworthy. 'Nay, nay,' said she, 'this is so like you to deny your own goodness: but Mr Nightingale here saw him.' 'Saw whom, Madam?' answered he. 'Why, your lawyer, Sir,' said

said she, 'that you so kindly sent to inquire into the affair.' 'I am still in the dark, upon my honour,' said Allworthy. 'Why, then, do you tell him, my dear Sir,' cried she. 'Indeed, Sir,' said Nightingale, 'I did see that very lawyer, who went from you when I came into the room, at an alehouse in Aldersgate, in company with two of the fellows who were employed by Lord Fellamar to press Mr Jones, and who were by that means present at the unhappy rencounter between him and Mr Fitzpatrick.' 'I own, Sir,' said Mrs Miller, 'when I saw this gentleman come into the room to you, I told Mr Nightingale that I apprehended you had sent him thither to inquire into the affair.' Allworthy shewed marks of astonishment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes struck dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to Mr Nightingale, he said, 'I must confess myself, Sir, more surprised at what you tell me, than I have ever been before at any time in my whole life. Are you certain this was the gentleman?' 'I am most certain,' answered Nightingale. 'At Aldersgate?' cries Allworthy. 'And was you in company with this lawyer and the two fellows?'—'I was, Sir,' said the other, 'very near half an hour.'—'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'and in what manner did the lawyer behave? did you hear all that passed between him and the fellows?' 'No, Sir,' answered Nightingale, 'they had been together before I came.—In my presence the lawyer said little; but after I had several times examined the fellows, who persisted in a story directly contrary to what I heard from Mr Jones, and which I find by Mr Fitzpatrick was a rank falsehood; the lawyer then desired the fellows to say nothing but

what was the truth, and seemed to speak so much in favour of Mr Jones, that when I saw the same person with you, I concluded your goodness had prompted you to send him thither.'—'And did you not send him thither?' says Mrs Miller.—'Indeed I did not,' answered Allworthy; 'nor did I know he had gone on such an errand till this moment.'—'I see it all!' said Mrs Miller, 'upon my soul, I see it all! No wonder they have been closeted so close lately. Son Nightingale, let me beg you to run for these fellows immediately—find them out if they are above ground. I will go myself.'—'Dear Madam,' said Allworthy, 'be patient, and do me the favour to send a servant up stairs, to call Master Dowling hither, if he be in the house, or, if not, Mr Blifil.' Mrs Miller went out muttering something to herself, and presently returned with an answer, That Mr Dowling was 'gone; but that the t'other (as she called him) was coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler disposition than the good woman, whose spirits were all up in arms in the cause of her friend. He was not, however, without some suspicions which were near akin to hers. When Blifil came into the room, he asked him with a very serious countenance, and with a less friendly look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether he knew any thing of Mr Dowling's having seen any of the persons who were present at the duel between Jones and another gentleman?'

There is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprise on a man, whose business it is to conceal truth, or to defend falsehood. For which reason, those worthy personages, whose noble office it is to save the lives of their fel-

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low-creatures at the Old Bailey, take the utmost care, by frequent previous examination, to divine every question which may be asked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be supplied with proper and ready answers, which the most fertile invention cannot supply in an instant. Besides, the sudden and violent impulse on the blood, occasioned by these surprises, causes frequently such an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence against himself. And such, indeed, were the alterations which the countenance of Blifil underwent from this sudden question, that we can scarce blame the eagerness of Mrs Miller, who immediately cried out, 'Guilty, upon my honour ! guilty, upon my soul !'

Mr Allworthy sharply rebuked her for this impetuosity ; and then turning to Blifil, who seemed sinking into the earth, he said, ' Why do you hesitate, Sir, at giving me an answer ? You certainly must have employed him ; for he would not, of his own accord, I believe, have undertaken such an errand, and especially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then answered, ' I own, Sir, I have been guilty of an offence ; yet I may hope your pardon.' — ' My pardon !' said Allworthy, very angrily. — ' Nay, Sir,' answered Blifil, ' I knew you would be offended ; yet surely my dear uncle will forgive the effects of the most amiable of human weaknesses. Compassion for those who do not deserve it, I own is a crime ; and yet it is a crime from which you yourself are not entirely free. I know I have been guilty of it in more than one instance to this very person ; and I will own I did send Mr Dowling, not on a vain and fruitless inquiry, but to discover the witnesses, and

to endeavour to soften their evidence. This, Sir, is the truth, which, though I intended to conceal from you, I will not deny.'

'I confess,' said Nightingale, 'this is the light in which it appeared to me from the gentleman's behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I believe you will, once in your life, own you have entertained a wrong suspicion, and are not so angry with my nephew as you was.'

Mrs Miller was silent; for though she could not so hastily be pleased with Blifil, whom she looked upon to have been the ruin of Jones, yet, in this particular instance, he had imposed upon her, as well as upon the rest; so entirely had the devil stood his friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar observation, 'That the devil often deserts his friends, and leaves them in the lurch,' to be a great abuse on that gentleman's character. Perhaps he may sometimes desert those who are only his cup acquaintance, or who, at most, are but half his; but he generally stands by those who are thoroughly his servants, and helps them off in all extremities, till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion strengthens a government, or, as health is more perfectly established by recovery from some diseases; so anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the case of Mr Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped off the greater suspicion, the lesser, which had been raised by Square's letter, sunk of course, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had cast on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the resentment of Mr Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him.

him. He told Blifil, he did not only forgive the extraordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give him the pleasure of following his example. Then turning to Mrs Miller, with a smile which would have become an angel, he cried, 'What say you, Madam? Shall we take a hackney-coach, and all of us together pay a visit to your friend? I promise you it is not the first visit I have made in a prison.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy woman; but they must have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendship, who can feel what she felt on this occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now passed in the mind of Blifil; but those who are, will acknowledge, that it was impossible for him to raise any objection to this visit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a shock; for at the very instant when the coach was sent for, Partridge arrived, and having called Mrs Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and, hearing Mr Allworthy's intention, begged her to find some means of stopping him; 'for,' says he, 'the matter must at all hazards be kept a secret from him; and if he should now go, he will find Mr Jones and his mother, who arrived just as I left him, lamenting over one another the horrid crime they have ignorantly committed.'

The poor woman, who was almost deprived of her senses at this dreadful news, was never less capable of invention than at present. However, as women are much readier at this than men, she bethought herself of an excuse; and returning to  
Allworthy,

Allworthy, said, 'I am sure, Sir, you will be surpris'd at hearing any objection from me to the kind proposal you just now made; and yet I am afraid of the consequence of it, if carried immediately into execution. You must imagine, Sir, that all the calamities which have lately befallen this poor young fellow, must have thrown him into the lowest dejection of spirits: and now, Sir, should we all on a sudden fling him into such a violent fit of joy as I know your presence will occasion, it may, I am afraid, produce some fatal mischief, especially as his servant, who is without, tells me he is very far from being well.'

'Is his servant without?' cries Allworthy, 'Pray call him hither. I will ask him some questions concerning his master.'

Partridge was at first afraid to appear before Mr Allworthy; but was at length persuaded, after Mrs Miller, who had often heard his whole story from his own mouth, had promised to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had passed since he had seen him. Mrs Miller therefore might have spared here a formal oration, in which indeed she was something prolix; for the reader, I believe, may have observed already, that this good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the service of her friends.

'And are you,' said Allworthy to Partridge, 'the servant of Mr Jones?' 'I can't say, Sir,' answered he, 'that I am regularly a servant; but I live with him, an't please your Honour, at present. *Non sum qualis eram*, as your Honour very well knows.'

Mr Allworthy then asked him many questions concerning

concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters: to all which Partridge answered, without having the least regard to what was, but considered only what he would have things appear; for, a strict adherence to truth, was not among the articles of this honest fellow's morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue, Mr Nightingale took his leave, and presently after Mrs Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewise dispatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no sooner left in private together, than Allworthy began, as in the following chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which the history is farther continued.*

'SURE, friend,' said the good man, 'you are the strangest of all beings; not only to have suffered as you have formerly, for obstinately persisting in a falsehood, but to persist in it thus to the last, and to pass thus upon the world for the servant of your own son. What interest can you have in all this? What can be your motive?'

'I see, Sir,' said Partridge, falling down upon his knees, 'that your Honour is prepossessed against me, and resolved not to believe any thing I say; and therefore, what signifies my protestations? but yet, there is One above who knows that I am not the father of this young man.'

'How!' said Allworthy, 'will you yet deny what you was formerly convicted of, upon such unanswerable, such manifest evidence? Nay, what a confirmation is your being now found with this very man, of all which twenty years ago appeared

ed against you !—I thought you had left the country ; nay, I thought you had long since been dead.—In what manner did you know any thing of this young man ? Where did you meet with him, unless you had kept some correspondence together ? Do not deny this ; for I promise you it will greatly raise your son in my opinion, to find that he hath such a sense of filial duty, as privately to support his father for so many years.’

‘ If your Honour will have patience to hear me,’ said Partridge, ‘ I will tell you all.’——Being bid go on, he proceeded thus : ‘ When your Honour conceived that displeasure against me, it ended in my ruin soon after ; for I lost my little school ; and the minister, thinking, I suppose, it would be agreeable to your Honour, turned me out from the office of clerk ; so that I had nothing to trust to but the barber’s shop, which, in a country place like that, is a poor livelihood ; and when my wife died, (for till that time I received a pension of 12 l. a-year from an unknown hand, which, indeed, I believe was your Honour’s own, for no body that ever I heard of doth these things besides) ; but, as I was saying, when she died, this pension forsook me ; so that now, as I owed two or three small debts, which began to be troublesome to me, particularly one,\* which an attorney brought up by law-charges from 15 s. to near 30 l. ; and as I found all my usual means of living had forsook me,

\* This is a fact which I knew happened to a poor clergyman in Dorsetshire, by the villany of an attorney, who, not contented with the exorbitant costs to which the poor man was put by a single action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment, as it was called. A method frequently used to oppress the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attorneys, to the great scandal of the law of the nation, of Christianity, and even of human nature itself.

me, I packed up my little all as well as I could, and went off.

‘The first place I came to was Salisbury, where I got into the service of a gentleman belonging to the law, and one of the best gentlemen that ever I knew; for he was not only good to me, but I know a thousand good and charitable acts which he did while I staid with him; and I have known him often refuse business, because it was paltry and oppressive.’——‘You need not be so particular,’ said Allworthy; ‘I know this gentleman, and a very worthy man he is, and an honour to his profession.’——‘Well, Sir,’ continued Partridge, ‘from hence I removed to Lymington, where I was above three years in the service of another lawyer, who was likewise a very good sort of a man, and to be sure one of the merriest gentlemen in England. Well, Sir, at the end of the three years, I set up a little school, and was likely to do well again, had it not been for a most unlucky accident. Here I kept a pig; and one day, as ill fortune would have it, this pig broke out, and did a trespass, I think they call it, in a garden belonging to one of my neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful man, and employed a lawyer, one—one—I can’t think of his name; but he sent for a writ against me, and had me to Size. When I came there, Lord have mercy upon me—to hear what the counsellors said! There was one that told my Lord a parcel of the confoundest lies about me: he said, that I used to drive my hogs into other folks gardens, and a great deal more; and at last he said, He hoped I had at last brought my hogs to a fair market. To be sure one would have thought, that instead of being owner only of one poor little pig, I had been the greatest hog-merchant  
in

in England. Well.'—'Pray, said Allworthy, 'do not be so particular. I have heard nothing of your son yet.' 'O it was a great many years,' answered Partridge, 'before I saw my own son, as you are pleased to call him.—I went over to Ireland after this, and taught school at Cork, (for that one suit ruined me again, and I lay seven years in Winchester gaol).—'Well,' said Allworthy, 'pass that over, till your return to England.'—'Then, Sir,' said he, 'it was about half a year ago that I landed at Bristol, where I staid some time; and not finding it do there, and hearing of a place between that and Gloucester, where the barber was just dead, I went thither, and there I had been about two months when Mr Jones came thither.' He then gave Allworthy a very particular account of their first meeting, and of every thing, as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently interlarding his story with panegyrics on Jones, and not forgetting to insinuate the great love and respect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with saying, 'Now, Sir, I have told your Honour the whole truth;' and then repeated a most solemn protestation, 'That he was no more the father of Jones, than of the Pope of Rome;' and imprecated the most bitter curses on his head, if he did not speak truth.

'What am I to think of this matter?' cries Allworthy. 'For what purpose should you so strongly deny a fact, which I think it would be rather your interest to own?'—'Nay, Sir,' answered Partridge, (for he could hold no longer), 'if your Honour will not believe me, you are like soon to have satisfaction enough. I wish you had mistaken the mother of this young man, as well as you have his father.'—And now being asked what

what he meant?—with all the symptoms of horror, both in his voice and countenance, he told Allworthy the whole story, which he had a little before expressed such desire to Mrs Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almost as much shocked at this discovery, as Partridge himself had been while he related it. ‘Good Heavens!’ says he, ‘in what miserable distresses do vice and imprudence involve men! How much beyond our designs are the effects of wickedness sometimes carried?’ He had scarce uttered these words, when Mrs Waters came hastily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no sooner saw her, than he cried, ‘Here, Sir, here is the very woman herself. This is the unfortunate mother of Mr Jones; I am sure she will acquit me before your Honour.—Pray, Madam’—

Mrs Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge said, and almost without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr Allworthy: ‘I believe, Sir, it is so long since I had the honour of seeing you, that you do not recollect me.’—‘Indeed,’ answered Allworthy, ‘you are so very much altered on many accounts, that had not this man already acquainted me who you are, I should not have immediately called you to my remembrance. Have you, Madam, any particular business which brings you to me?’—Allworthy spoke this with great reserve; for the reader may easily believe he was not well pleased with the conduct of this lady, neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge had now delivered.

Mrs Waters answered,—‘Indeed, Sir, I have very particular business with you; and it is such as I can impart only to yourself.—I must desire, therefore, the favour of a word with you alone;

for I assure you, what I have to tell you is of the utmost importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw; but before he went, he begged the lady to satisfy Mr Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which she answered,——'You need be under no apprehension, Sir; I shall satisfy Mr Allworthy very perfectly of that matter.'

Then Partridge withdrew; and that passed between Mr Allworthy and Mrs Waters which is written in the next chapter.

#### C H A P. VII.

##### *Continuation of the history.*

**M**RS Waters remaining a few moments silent, Mr Allworthy could not refrain from saying, 'I am sorry, Madam, to perceive, by what I have since heard, that you have made so very ill a use'——'Mr Allworthy,' says she, interrupting him, 'I know I have faults, but ingratitude to you, is not one of them. I never can, nor shall forget your goodness, which I own I have very little deserved. But be pleased to wave all upbraiding of me at present, as I have so important an affair to communicate to you concerning this young man, to whom you have given my maiden name of Jones.'

'Have I then,' said Allworthy, 'ignorantly punished an innocent man, in the person of him who hath just left us? Was he not the father of the child?'——'Indeed he was not,' said Mrs Waters. 'You may be pleased to remember, Sir, I formerly told you, you should one day know; and I acknowledge myself to have been guilty of

a cruel neglect, in not having discovered it to you before. Indeed I little knew how necessary it was.—‘Well, Madam,’ said Allworthy, ‘be pleased to proceed.’ ‘You must remember, Sir,’ said she, ‘a young fellow, whose name was Summer.’ ‘Very well,’ cries Allworthy, ‘he was the son of a clergyman of great learning and virtue, for whom I had the highest friendship.’ ‘So it appeared, Sir,’ answered she; ‘for I believe you bred the young man up, and maintained him at the university; where, I think, he had finished his studies when he came to reside at your house. A finer man, I must say, the sun never shone upon; for, besides the handsomest person I ever saw, he was so genteel, and had so much wit and good breeding’—‘Poor gentleman,’ said Allworthy, ‘he was indeed untimely snatched away; and little did I think he had any sins of this kind to answer for; for I plainly perceive you are going to tell me he was the father of your child.’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ answered she, ‘he was not.’—‘How!’ said Allworthy, ‘to what then tends all this preface?’ ‘To a story, Sir,’ said she, ‘which I am concerned falls to my lot to unfold to you.—O, Sir, prepare to hear something which will surprise you, will grieve you.’—‘Speak,’ said Allworthy; ‘I am conscious of no crime, and cannot be afraid to hear.’—‘Sir,’ said she, ‘that Mr Summer, the son of your friend, educated at your expence, who, after living a year in the house as if he had been your own son, died there of the small-pox, was tenderly lamented by you, and buried as if he had been your own; that Summer, Sir, was the father of this child.’—‘How!’ said Allworthy, ‘you contradict yourself.’—‘That I do not,’ answered she, ‘he was indeed the fa-

ther of this child, but not by me.'—'Take care, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'do not, to shun the imputation of any crime, be guilty of falsehood. Remember, there is One from whom you can conceal nothing, and before whose tribunal falsehood will only aggravate your guilt.'—'Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I am not his mother; nor would I now think myself so for the world.' 'I know your reason,' said Allworthy, 'and shall rejoice as much as you to find it otherwise; yet you must remember you yourself confessed it before me.'—'So far what I confessed,' said she, 'was true, that these hands conveyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither at the command of its mother; at her commands I afterwards owned it, and thought myself, by her generosity, nobly rewarded both for my secrecy and my shame.' 'Who could this woman be?' said Allworthy.—'Indeed I tremble to name her,' answered Mrs Waters. 'By all this preparation I am to guess that she was a relation of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed, she was a near one.' At which words Allworthy started, and she continued—'You had a sister, Sir.'—'A sister!' repeated he, looking aghast.—'As there is truth in heaven,' cries she, 'your sister was the mother of that child you found between your sheets.' 'Can it be possible?' cries he; 'good Heavens!' 'Have patience, Sir,' said Mrs Waters, 'and I will unfold to you the whole story. Just after your departure for London, Miss Bridget came one day into the house of my mother.—She was pleased to say she had heard an extraordinary character of me, for my learning and superior understanding to all the young women there, so she was pleased to say. She then bid me come to her to the great house; where, when I attended,

attended, she employed me to read to her. She expressed great satisfaction in my reading, shewed great kindness to me, and made me many presents. At last she began to catechise me on the subject of secrecy, to which I gave her such satisfactory answers, that, at last, having locked the door of her room, she took me into her closet, and then locking that door likewise, she said, she should convince me of the vast reliance she had on my integrity, by communicating a secret, in which her honour, and consequently her life, was concerned. She then stopped, and after a silence of a few minutes, during which she often wiped her eyes, she inquired of me, if I thought my mother might safely be confided in. I answered, I would stake my life on her fidelity. She then imparted to me the great secret which laboured in her breast, and which, I believe, was delivered with more pain than she afterwards suffered in child-birth. It was then contrived, that my mother and myself only should attend at the time, and that Mrs Wilkins should be sent out of the way, as she accordingly was, to the very farthest part of Dorsetshire, to inquire the character of a servant; for the lady had turned away her own maid near three months before; during all which time I officiated about her person upon trial, as she said, though, as she afterwards declared, I was not sufficiently handy for the place. This, and many other such things which she used to say of me, were all thrown out, to prevent any suspicion which Wilkins might hereafter have, when I was to own the child; for she thought it could never be believed she would venture to hurt a young woman, with whom she had intrusted such a secret. You

may be assured, Sir, I was well paid for all these affronts, which, together with being informed of the occasion of them, very well contented me. — Indeed, the lady had a greater suspicion of Mrs Wilkins than of any other person; not that she had the least aversion to the gentlewoman, but she thought her incapable of keeping a secret, especially from you, Sir: for I have often heard Miss Bridget say, that if Mrs Wilkins had committed a murder, she believed she would acquaint you with it. At last the expected day came, and Mrs Wilkins, who had been kept a week in readiness, and put off from time to time, upon some pretence or other, that she might not return too soon, was dispatched. Then the child was born in the presence only of myself and my mother, and was by my mother conveyed to her own house, where it was privately kept by her till the evening of your return, when I, by the command of Miss Bridget, conveyed it into the bed where you found it. And all suspicions were afterwards laid asleep by the artful conduct of your sister, in pretending ill-will to the boy, and that any regard she shewed him, was out of mere complaisance to you.’

Mrs Waters then made many protestations of the truth of this story; and concluded by saying, ‘Thus, Sir, you have at last discovered your nephew; for so I am sure you will hereafter think him; and I question not but he will be both an honour and a comfort to you under that appellation.’

‘I need not, Madam,’ said Allworthy, ‘express my astonishment at what you have told me; and yet surely you would not, and could not have put together so many circumstances to evidence an untruth. I confess, I recollect some passages relating

ing to that Summer, which formerly gave me a conceit that my sister had some liking to him. I mentioned it to her; for I had such a regard to the young man, as well on his own account, as on his father's, that I should willingly have consented to a match between them: but she expressed the highest disdain of my unkind suspicion, as she called it; so that I never spoke more on the subject. Good Heavens! Well! the Lord disposeth all things:—yet sure it was a most unjustifiable conduct in my sister to carry this secret with her out of the world.—‘I promise you, Sir,’ said Mrs. Waters, ‘she always professed a contrary intention; and frequently told me, she intended one day to communicate it to you. She said, indeed, she was highly rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so well, and that you had, of your own accord, taken such a fancy to the child, that it was yet unnecessary to make any express declaration. Oh! Sir, had that lady lived to have seen this poor young man turned like a vagabond from your house; nay, Sir, could she have lived to hear that you had yourself employed a lawyer to prosecute him for a murder of which he was not guilty—Forgive me, Mr Allworthy, I must say it was unkind.—Indeed you have been abused; he never deserved it of you.’ ‘Indeed, Madam,’ said Allworthy, ‘I have been abused by the person, whoever he was, that told you so.’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ said she, ‘I would not be mistaken; I did not presume to say you were guilty of any wrong. The gentleman who came to me, proposed no such matter: he only said, taking me for Mr Fitzpatrick’s wife, that if Mr Jones had murdered my husband, I should be assisted with any money I wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a  
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very worthy gentleman, who, he said, was well apprised what a villain I had to deal with. It was by this man I found out who Mr Jones was; and this man, whose name is Dowling, Mr Jones tells me, is your steward. I discovered his name by a very odd accident; for he himself refused to tell it me; but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings the second time he came, knew him formerly at Salisbury.

‘And did this Mr Dowling,’ says Allworthy, with great astonishment in his countenance, ‘tell you that I would assist in the prosecution?’—‘No, Sir,’ answered she, ‘I will not charge him wrongfully. He said, I should be assisted; but he mentioned no name.—Yet you must pardon me, Sir, if, from circumstances, I thought it could be no other.’—‘Indeed, Madam,’ says Allworthy, ‘from circumstances I am too well convinced it was another.—Good Heaven! by what wonderful means is the blackest and deepest villany sometimes discovered!—Shall I beg you, Madam, to stay till the person you have mentioned comes; for I expect him every minute; nay, he may be, perhaps, already in the house.’

Allworthy then stepped to the door, in order to call a servant; when in came, not Mr Dowling, but the gentleman who will be seen in the next chapter.

#### CH A P. VII.

##### *Farther continuation.*

**T**HE gentleman who now arrived, was no other than Mr Western. He no sooner saw Allworthy, than, without considering in the least the presence

presence of Mrs Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner: 'Fine doings at my house! A rare kettle of fish I have discovered at last! Who the devil would be plagued with a daughter?' 'What's the matter, neighbour?' said Allworthy. 'Matter enough,' answered Western. 'When I thought she was a-just coming to; nay, when she had, in a manner, promised me to do as I would ha' her, and when I was a hoped to have had nothing more to do than to have sent for the lawyer and finished all—what do you think I have found out? that the little b—— hath been playing tricks with me all the while, and carrying on a correspondence with that bastard of yours. Sister Western, whom I have quarrelled with upon her account, sent me word o't, and I ordered her pockets to be searched when she was asleep; and here I have got un, signed with the son of a whore's own name. I have not had patience to read half o't, for 'tis longer than one of Parson Supple's sermons; but I find plainly it is all about love; and indeed what should it be else? I have packed her up in a chamber again; and to-morrow morning down she goes into the country, unless she consents to be married directly; and there she shall live in a garret upon bread and water all her days; and the sooner such a b—— breaks her heart, the better; though, d——n her, that I believe is too tough. She will live long enough to plague me.' 'Mr Western,' answered Allworthy, 'you know I have always protested against force, and you yourself consented that none should be used.'—'Ay! cries he, 'that was only upon condition that she would consent without. What, the devil and Dr Faustus! shan't I do what I will with my own daughter, especially when I desire nothing but

but her own good?" 'Well, neighbour,' answered Allworthy, 'if you will give me leave, I will undertake once to argue with the young lady.'— 'Will you,' said Western, 'why, that is kind now, and neighbourly; and mayhap you will do more than I have been able to do with her; for I promise you she hath a very good opinion of you.'— 'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'if you will go home and release the young lady from her captivity, I will wait upon her within this half hour.' 'But suppose,' said Western, 'she should run away with un in the mean time? for Lawyer Dowling tells me, there is no hopes of hanging the fellow at last, for that the man is alive, and like to do well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of prison again presently.'— 'How,' said Allworthy, 'what, did you employ him then to inquire or to do any thing in that matter?' 'Not I,' answered Western; 'he mentioned it to me just now of his own accord.'— 'Just now!' cries Allworthy, 'why, where did you see him then? I want much to see Mr Dowling.'— 'Why, you may see un, an you will, presently, at my lodgings; for there is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning, about a mortgage.—Icod! I shall lose two or dree thousand pounds, I believe, by that honest gentleman Mr Nightingale.'— 'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'I will be with you within the half hour.'— 'And do, for once,' cries the squire, 'take a fool's advice, and never think of dealing with her by gentle methods; take my word for it, those will never do. I have tried um long enough. She must be frightened into it; there is no other way. Tell her I'm her father; and of the horrid sin of disobedience, and of the dreadful punishment of it in t'other world; and then tell her

her about being locked up all her life in a garret in this, and being kept only on bread and water.' 'I will do all I can,' said Allworthy; 'for I promise you, there is nothing I wish for more than an alliance with this amiable creature.' 'Nay, the girl is well enough, for matter o' that,' cries the squire; 'a man may go farther and meet with worse meat; that I may declare o' her, thof she be my own daughter. And if she will but be obedient to me, there is n'arrow a father within a hundred miles o' the place that loves a daughter better than I do. But I see you are busy with the lady here, so I will go home and expect you; and so your humble servant.'

As soon as Mr Western was gone, Mrs Waters said, 'I see, Sir, the squire hath not the least remembrance of my face. I believe, Mr Allworthy, you would not have known me neither. I am very considerably altered since that day when you so kindly gave me that advice, which I had been happy had I followed.'—'Indeed, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it gave me great concern when I first heard the contrary.' 'Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I was ruined by a very deep scheme of villany, which, if you knew, though I pretend not to think it would justify me in your opinion, it would at least mitigate my offence, and induce you to pity me. You are not now at leisure to hear my whole story; but this I assure you, I was betrayed by the most solemn promises of marriage; nay, in the eye of Heaven, I was married to him; for, after much reading on the subject, I am convinced that particular ceremonies are only requisite to give a legal sanction to marriage, and have only a worldly use in giving a woman the privileges of a wife; but that she who lives constant to one man, after  
a solemn

a solemn private affiance, whatever the world may call her, hath little to charge on her own conscience.' 'I am sorry, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'you have made so ill an use of your learning. Indeed it would have been well that you had been possessed of much more, or had remained in a state of ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am afraid you have more than this sin to answer for.' 'During his life,' answered she, 'which was above a dozen of years, I most solemnly assure you I had not. And consider, Sir, on my behalf, what is in the power of a woman stript of her reputation, and left destitute; whether the good-natured world will suffer such a stray-sheep to return to the road of virtue, even if she was never so desirous. I protest then I would have chose it, had it been in my power; but necessity drove me into the arms of Captain Waters, with whom, though still unmarried, I lived as a wife for many years, and went by his name. I parted with this gentleman at Worcester, on his march against the rebels; and it was then I accidentally met with Mr Jones, who rescued me from the hands of a villain. Indeed he is the worthiest of men. No young gentleman of his age is, I believe, freer from vice, and few have the twentieth part of his virtues; nay, whatever vices he hath had, I am firmly persuaded he hath now taken a resolution to abandon them.' 'I hope he hath,' cries Allworthy, 'and I hope he will preserve that resolution. I must say, I have still the same hopes with regard to yourself. The world, I do agree, are apt to be too unmerciful on these occasions; yet time and perseverance will get the better of this their disinclination, as I may call it, to pity; for though they are not, like Heaven, ready to receive a penitent

nitent sinner ; yet a continued repentance will at length obtain mercy, even with the world. This you may be assured of, Mrs Waters, that whenever I find you are sincere in such good intentions, you shall want no assistances in my power to make them effectual.'

Mrs Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many most passionate acknowledgments of his goodness, which, as she truly said, favoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender manner, making use of every expression which his invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Dowling, who, upon his first entrance, seeing Mrs Waters, started, and appeared in some confusion ; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said, he was in the utmost haste to attend counsel at Mr Western's lodgings, but, however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of counsel, upon the case which he had before told him, which was, that the conversion of the monies in that case could not be questioned in a criminal cause, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the monies of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any answer to this, bolted the door, and then advancing with a stern look to Dowling, he said, ' Whatever be your haste, Sir, I must first receive an answer to some questions. Do you know this lady ?'——' That lady, Sir ?' answered Dowling, with great hesitation. Allworthy then, with the most solemn

voice, said, 'Look you, Mr Dowling, as you value my favour, or your continuance a moment longer in my service, do not hesitate, nor prevaricate, but answer faithfully and truly to every question I ask.—Do you know this lady?'—  
'Yes, Sir,' said Dowling, 'I have seen the lady.'  
'Where, Sir?' 'At her own lodgings.'—  
'Upon what business did you go thither, Sir, and who sent you?' 'I went, Sir, to inquire, Sir, about Mr Jones.' 'And who sent you to inquire about him?' 'Who, Sir?—why, Sir, Mr Blifil sent me.' 'And what did you say to the lady concerning that matter?' 'Nay, Sir, it is impossible to recollect every word.' 'Will you please, Madam, to assist the gentleman's memory?' 'He told me, Sir,' said Mrs Waters, 'that if Mr Jones had murdered my husband, I should be assisted with any money I wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who was well apprised what a villain I had to deal with. These, I can safely swear, were the very words he spoke.'—  
'Were these the words, Sir?' said Allworthy. 'I cannot charge my memory exactly,' cries Dowling, 'but I believe I did speak to that purpose.'—  
'And did Mr Blifil order you to say so?' 'I am sure, Sir, I should not have gone of my own accord, nor have willingly exceeded my authority in matters of this kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr Blifil's instructions.'  
'Look you, Mr Dowling,' said Allworthy, 'I promise you before this lady, that whatever you have done in this affair by Mr Blifil's order, I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the truth: for I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own accord, and without authority in this matter.—Mr Blifil then likewise

wife sent you to examine the two fellows at Aldersgate?"—"He did, Sir." "Well, and what instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near as possible, the very words he used."—"Why, Sir, Mr Blifil sent me to find out the persons who were eye-witnesses of this fight. He said he feared they might be tampered with by Mr Jones, or some of his friends. He said, blood required blood; and that not only all who concealed a murderer, but those who omitted any thing in their power to bring him to justice, were sharers in his guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper you should appear in it."—"He did so?" says Allworthy.—"Yes, Sir," cries Dowling; "I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such lengths for the sake of any other person living but your Worship."—"What lengths, Sir?" said Allworthy.—"Nay, Sir," cries Dowling, "I would not have your Worship think I would, on any account, be guilty of subornation of perjury; but there are two ways of delivering evidence. I told them, therefore, that if any offers should be made them on the other side, they should refuse them, and that they might be assured they should lose nothing by being honest men, and telling the truth. I said, we were told that Jones had assaulted the gentleman first, and that if that was truth, they should declare it; and I did give them some hints that they should be no losers." "I think you went lengths indeed," cries Allworthy.—"Nay, Sir," answered Dowling, "I am sure I did not desire them to tell an untruth; nor should I have said what I did, unless it had been to oblige you."—"You would not have thought, I believe," says Allworthy, "to have ob-

figed me, had you known that this Mr Jones was my own nephew.—‘I am sure, Sir,’ answered he, ‘it did not become me to take any notice of what, I thought, you desired to conceal.’—‘How!’ cries Allworthy, ‘and did you know it then?’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ answered Dowling, ‘if your Worship bids me speak the truth, I am sure I shall do it.—Indeed, Sir, I did know it; for they were almost the last words which Madam Blifil ever spoke, which she mentioned to me as I stood alone by her bed-side, when she delivered me the letter I brought your Worship from her.’——‘What letter?’ cries Allworthy.—‘The letter, Sir,’ answered Dowling, ‘which I brought from Salisbury, and which I delivered into the hands of Mr Blifil.’——‘O Heavens!’ cries Allworthy. ‘Well, and what were the words? What did my sister say to you?’—‘She took me by the hand,’ answered he, ‘and, as she delivered me the letter, said, ‘I scarce know what I have written. Tell my brother, Mr Jones is his nephew—He is my son—Bless him’—said she, and then fell backwards, as if dying away.—I presently called in the people, and she never spoke more to me, and died within a few minutes afterwards.’——Allworthy stood a minute silent, lifting up his eyes, and then turning to Dowling, said,—‘How came you, Sir, not to deliver me this message?’ ‘Your Worship,’ answered he, ‘must remember, that you was at that time ill in bed; and, being in a violent hurry, as indeed I always am, I delivered the letter and message to Mr Blifil, who told me he would carry them both to you, which he hath since told me he did; and that your Worship, partly out of friendship to Mr Jones, and partly out of regard to your sister, would never have it mentioned, and did intend to conceal it from the world; and therefore,

therefore, Sir, if you had not mentioned it to me first, I am certain I should never have thought it belonged to me to say any thing of the matter, either to your Worship or any other person.'

We have remarked somewhere already, that it is possible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth: this was the case at present: for Blifil had in fact told Dowling what he now related, but had not imposed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able so to do. In reality, the promises which Blifil had made to Dowling, were the motives which had induced him to secrecy; and as he now very plainly saw Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this confession, which the promises of forgiveness, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the discoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was besides taken unawares, and had no time to consider of evasions.

Allworthy appeared well satisfied with this relation, and having enjoined on Dowling strict silence as to what had passed, conducted that gentleman himself to the door, lest he should see Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of his last deceit on his uncle, and little suspected what had since passed below stairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale and full of terror, said to him, 'O! Sir, I find this wicked woman hath been with you, and you know all; yet do not on this account abandon the poor young man. Consider, Sir, he was ignorant it was his own mother, and the discovery itself will most probably break his heart, without your unkindness.'

‘Madam,’ says Allworthy, ‘I am under such astonishment at what I have heard, that I am really unable to satisfy you; but come with me into my room. Indeed, Mrs Miller, I have made surprising discoveries, and you shall soon know them.’

The poor woman followed him trembling; and now Allworthy, going up to Mrs Waters, took her by the hand, and then turning to Mrs Miller, said, ‘What reward shall I bestow upon this gentlewoman for the services she hath done me?—O! Mrs Miller, you have a thousand times heard me call the young man, to whom you are so faithful a friend, my son. Little did I then think that he was indeed related to me at all.—Your friend, Madam, is my nephew: he is the brother of that wicked viper which I have so long nourished in my bosom.—She will herself tell you the whole story, and how the youth came to pass for her son. Indeed, Mrs Miller, I am convinced he hath been wronged, and that I have been abused; abused by one whom you too justly suspected of being a villain. He is, in truth, the worst of villains.’

The joy which Mrs Miller now felt, bereft her of the power of speech, and might, perhaps, have deprived her of her senses, if not of life, had not a friendly shower of tears come seasonably to her relief. At length recovering so far from her transport as to be able to speak, she cried, ‘And is my dear Mr Jones then your nephew, Sir, and not the son of this lady? and are your eyes opened to him at last? and shall I live to see him as happy as he deserves?’ ‘He certainly is my nephew,’ cries Allworthy, ‘and I hope all the rest.’—‘And is this dear good woman the person,’ cries she, ‘to whom all this discovery is owing?’—‘She is, indeed,’ says Allworthy.—‘Why then,’ cried Mrs

Mrs Miller, upon her knees, 'may Heaven shower down its choicest blessings upon her head, and for this one good action forgive her all her sins, be they never so many.'

Mrs Waters then informed them, that she believed Jones would very shortly be released; for that the surgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the justice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure the prisoner his liberty.

Allworthy said, he should be glad to find his nephew there at his return home; but that he was then obliged to go on some matters of consequence. He then called to a servant to fetch him a chair, and presently left the two ladies together.

Mr Blifil hearing the chair ordered, came down stairs to attend upon his uncle; for he never was deficient in such acts of duty. He asked his uncle if he was going out? which is a civil way of asking a man whither he is going: to which the other making no answer, he again desired to know when he would be pleased to return. Allworthy made no answer to this neither, till he was just getting into his chair, and then turning about, he said——'Harkee, Sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter which your mother sent me on her deathbed.' Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a situation to be envied only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

## C H A P. IX.

*A further continuation.*

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity, whilst he was in the chair, of reading the letter from

from Jones to Sophia, which Western delivered him; and there were some expressions in it concerning himself, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr Western's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the first ceremonies were past, and the gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a silence of some minutes ensued; during which, the latter, who had been prepared for the visit by her father, sat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confusion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himself, a little disconcerted, began thus: 'I am afraid, Miss Western, my family hath been the occasion of giving you some uneasiness; to which, I fear, I have innocently become more instrumental than I intended. Be assured, Madam, had I at first known how disagreeable the proposals had been, I should not have suffered you to have been so long persecuted. I hope, therefore, you will not think the design of this visit is to trouble you with any further solicitations of that kind, but entirely to relieve you from them.'

'Sir,' said Sophia, with a little modest hesitation, 'this behaviour is most kind and generous, and such as I could expect only from Mr Allworthy: but as you have been so kind to mention this matter, you will pardon me for saying it hath indeed given me great uneasiness, and hath been the occasion of my suffering much cruel treatment from a father, who was, till that unhappy affair, the tenderest and fondest of all parents. I am convinced, Sir, you are too good and generous to resent my refusal of your nephew. Our inclinations are not in our own power; and whatever may be his merit, I cannot force them in his favour.' 'I assure you, most amiable young lady,' said

said Allworthy, 'I am capable of no such resentment, had the person been my own son, and had I entertained the highest esteem for him. For you say truly, Madam, we cannot force our inclinations, much less can they be directed by another.' 'Oh! Sir,' answered Sophia, 'every word you speak proves you to deserve that good, that great, that benevolent character the whole world allows you. I assure you, Sir, nothing less than the certain prospect of future misery could have made me resist the commands of my father.' 'I sincerely believe you, Madam,' replied Allworthy, 'and I heartily congratulate you on your prudent foresight, since by so justifiable a resistance you have avoided misery indeed.' 'You speak now, Mr Allworthy,' cries she, 'with a delicacy which few men are capable of feeling; but surely, in my opinion, to lead our lives with one to whom we are indifferent, must be a state of wretchedness.—Perhaps that wretchedness would even be increased by a sense of the merits of the object to whom we cannot give our affections. If I had married Mr Blifil'—'Pardon my interrupting you, Madam,' answered Allworthy, 'but I cannot bear the supposition.—Believe me, Miss Western, I rejoice, from my heart I rejoice, in your escape.—I have discovered the wretch, for whom you have suffered all this cruel violence from your father, to be a villain.' 'How, Sir!' cries Sophia, 'you must believe this surprises me.'——'It hath surprised me, Madam,' answered Allworthy, 'and so it will the world;—but I have acquainted you with the real truth.' 'Nothing but truth,' says Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come from the lips of Mr Allworthy.—Yet, Sir, such sudden, such unexpected news—Discovered, you say——May villany be ever so!'——'You will soon enough hear

hear the story,' cries Allworthy;—'at present let us not mention so detested a name—I have another matter of a very serious nature to propose——O! Miss Western, I know your vast worth, nor can I so easily part with the ambition of being allied to it.—I have a near relation, Madam, a young man whose character is, I am convinced, the very opposite to that of this wretch, and whose fortune I will make equal to what his was to have been.—Could I, Madam, hope you would admit a visit from him?' Sophia, after a minute's silence, answered, 'I will deal with the utmost sincerity with Mr Allworthy. His character, and the obligation I have just received from him, demand it. I have determined, at present, to listen to no such proposals from any person. My only desire is, to be restored to the affection of my father, and to be again the mistress of his family. This, Sir, I hope to owe to your good offices. Let me beseech you, let me conjure you, by all the goodness which I, and all who know you, have experienced; do not, the very moment when you have released me from one persecution, do not engage me in another, as miserable and as fruitless.' 'Indeed, Miss Western,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no such conduct; and if this be your resolution, he must submit to the disappointment, whatever torments he may suffer under it.' 'I must smile now, Mr Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'when you mention the torments of a man whom I do not know, and who can consequently have so little acquaintance with me.' 'Pardon me, dear young lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I begin now to be afraid he hath had too much acquaintance, for the repose of his future days; since, if ever man was capable of a sincere, violent, and noble passion, such, I am convinced, is my unhappy nephew's for Miss Western.' 'A nephew

nephew of yours, Mr Allworthy? answered Sophia; 'it is surely strange I never heard of him before.' 'Indeed, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it is only the circumstance of his being my nephew to which you are a stranger, and which, till this day, was a secret to me—Mr Jones, who has long loved you, he! he is my nephew.' 'Mr Jones your nephew, Sir!' cries Sophia; 'Can it be possible?'—'He is indeed, Madam,' answered Allworthy; 'he is my own sister's son—as such I shall always own him; nor am I ashamed of owning him. I am much more ashamed of my past behaviour to him; but I was as ignorant of his merit as of his birth. Indeed, Miss Western, I have used him cruelly—Indeed I have.'—Here the good man wiped his eyes, and, after a short pause, proceeded:—'I never shall be able to reward him for his sufferings without your assistance.—Believe me, most amiable young lady, I must have a great esteem of that offering which I make to your worth. I know he hath been guilty of faults: but there is great goodness of heart at the bottom; believe me, Madam, there is.'—Here he stopped, seeming to expect an answer, which he presently received from Sophia, after she had a little recovered herself from the hurry of spirits into which so strange and sudden information had thrown her: 'I sincerely wish you joy, Sir, of a discovery in which you seem to have such satisfaction. I doubt not but you will have all the comfort you can promise yourself from it. The young gentleman hath certainly a thousand good qualities, which makes it impossible he should not behave well to such an uncle.'—'I hope, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'he hath those good qualities which must make him a good husband.—He must, I am sure, be of all men the most abandoned, if a lady

lady of your merit should condescend'——' You must pardon me, Mr Allworthy,' answered Sophia, ' I cannot listen to a proposal of this kind. Mr Jones, I am convinced, hath much merit; but I shall never receive Mr Jones as one who is to be my husband—Upon my honour I never will.' ' Pardon me, Madam,' cries Allworthy, ' if I am a little surpris'd, after what I have heard from Mr Western. I hope the unhappy young man hath done nothing to forfeit your good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy it.——Perhaps he may have been misrepresented to you, as he was to me. The same villany may have injured him every where.——He is no murderer, I assure you, as he hath been called.'——' Mr Allworthy,' answered Sophia, ' I have told you my resolution. I wonder not at what my father hath told you; but whatever his apprehensions or fears have been, if I know my heart, I have given no occasion for them; since it hath always been a fixed principle with me, never to have married without his consent. This is, I think, the duty of a child to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing could ever have prevail'd with me to swerve from. I do not indeed conceive, that the authority of any parent can oblige us to marry, in direct opposition to our inclinations. To avoid a force of this kind, which I had reason to suspect, I left my father's house, and sought protection elsewhere. This is the truth of my story; and if the world, or my father, carry my intentions any farther, my own conscience will acquit me.' ' I hear you, Miss Western,' cries Allworthy, ' with admiration. I admire the justness of your sentiments; but surely there is more in this. I am cautious of offending you, young lady: but am I to look on all which I have hitherto heard or seen, as a dream only? And have

have you suffered so much cruelty from your father on the account of a man to whom you have been always absolutely indifferent?' 'I beg, Mr Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'you will not insist on my reasons.—Yes, I have suffered indeed: I will not, Mr Allworthy, conceal—I will be very sincere with you—I own I had a great opinion of Mr Jones. I believe—I know I have suffered for my opinion—I have been treated cruelly by my aunt, as well as by my father; but that is now past: I beg I may not be farther pressed; for whatever hath been, my resolution is now fixed. Your nephew, Sir, hath many virtues—he hath great virtues, Mr Allworthy. I question not but he will do you honour in the world, and make you happy.'—'I wish I could make him so, Madam,' replied Allworthy; 'but that, I am convinced, is only in your power. It is that conviction which hath made me so earnest a solicitor in his favour.' 'You are deceived; indeed, Sir, you are deceived,' said Sophia.—'I hope not by him.—It is sufficient to have deceived me.—Mr Allworthy, I must insist on being pressed no farther on this subject.—I should be sorry—Nay, I will not injure him in your favour. I wish Mr Jones very well; I sincerely wish him well: and I repeat it again to you, whatever demerit he may have to me, I am certain he hath many good qualities. I do not disown my former thoughts; but nothing can ever recal them. At present there is not a man upon earth whom I would more resolutely reject than Mr Jones; nor would the addresses of Mr Blifil himself be less agreeable to me.'

Western had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was just now arrived at the door to listen; when having heard the last sen-

timents of his daughter's heart, he lost all temper; and, bursting the door open in a rage, cried out, —‘ It is a lie—It is a d—n’d lie—It is all owing to that d—n’d rascal Jones; and if she could get at un, she’d ha’ un any hour of the day.’—Here Allworthy interposed, and, addressing himself to the squire with some anger in his look, he said, ‘ Mr Western, you have not kept your word with me. You promised to abstain from all violence.’ ‘ Why, so I did,’ cries Western, ‘ as long as it was possible; but to hear a wench telling such confounded lies—Zounds! doth she think, if she can make vools of other volk, she can make one of me?—No, no, I know her better than thee dost.’—‘ I am sorry to tell you, Sir,’ answered Allworthy, ‘ it doth not appear, by your behaviour to this young lady, that you know her at all. I ask pardon for what I say; but I think our intimacy, your own desires, and the occasion, justify me. She is your daughter, Mr Western, and I think she doth honour to your name. If I was capable of envy, I should sooner envy you on this account than any other man whatever.’—‘ Od-rabbit-it,’ cries the squire, ‘ I wish she was thine with all my heart; wouldst soon be glad to be rid of the trouble o’ her.’—‘ Indeed, my good friend,’ answered Allworthy, ‘ you yourself are the cause of all the trouble you complain of. Place that confidence in the young lady which she so well deserves, and I am certain you will be the happiest father on earth.’—‘ I confidence in her!’ cries the squire.—‘ Sblood! what confidence can I place in her, when she won’t do as I would ha’ her? Let her gi’ but her consent to marry as I would ha’ her, and I’ll place as much confidence in her as wouldst ha’ me.’—‘ You have no right, neighbour,’ answered

answered Allworthy, 'to insist on any such consent. A negative voice your daughter allows you, and God and nature have thought proper to allow you no more.'—'A negative voice!' cries the squire. Ay, ay, I'll shew you what a negative voice I ha'—Go along, go into your chamber, go, you stubborn——' 'Indeed, Mr Western,' said Allworthy,—'indeed you use her cruelly——I cannot bear to see this.——You shall, you must behave to her in a kinder manner. She deserves the best of treatment.' 'Yes, yes,' said the squire, 'I know what she deserves:—now she's gone, I'll shew you what she deserves.—See here, Sir, here is a letter from my cousin, my Lady Bellaston, in which she is so kind to gi' me to understand, that the fellow is got out of prison again; and here she advises me to take all the care I can o' the wench. Odzookers! neighbour Allworthy, you don't know what it is to govern a daughter.'

The squire ended his speech with some compliments to his own sagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole discovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Blifil, and with every particular which hath been disclosed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over-violent in their dispositions, are, for the most part, as changeable in them. No sooner then was Western informed of Mr Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Here Mr Allworthy was again forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and Sophia, at which he testified great surprise.

The squire was silent a moment, and looked wild with astonishment at this account.—At last he cried out, ‘Why, what can be the meaning of this, neighbour Allworthy? Vond o’un she was, that I’ll be sworn to.—Odzookers! I have hit o’t. As sure as a gun I have hit o’ the very right o’t. It’s all along o’ zister. The girl hath got a hankering after this son of a whore of a lord. I vound ’em together at my cousin, my Lady Bellauston’s. He hath turned the head o’ her, that’s certain;—but d—n me if he shall ha’ her.—I’ll ha’ no lords nor courtiers in my vamily.’

Allworthy now made a long speech, in which he repeated his resolution to avoid all violent measures, and very earnestly recommended gentle methods to Mr Western, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs Miller; but was forced to comply with the earnest intreaties of the squire, in promising to bring Mr Jones to visit him that afternoon, that he might, as he said, ‘make all matters up with the young gentleman.’ At Mr Allworthy’s departure, Western promised to follow his advice in his behaviour to Sophia, saying, ‘I don’t know how ’tis; but d—n me, Allworthy, if you don’t make me always do just as you please; and yet I have as good an esteate as you, and am in the commifion of the peace as well as yourself.’

## C H A P. X.

*Wherein the history begins to draw towards a conclusion.*

**W**HEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr Jones was just arrived before him.

him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender or moving scene, than the meeting between the uncle and the nephew, (for Mrs Waters, as the reader may well suppose, had at her last visit discovered the secret of his birth). The first agonies of joy which were felt on both sides, are indeed beyond my power to describe: I shall not therefore attempt it. After Allworthy had raised Jones from his feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his arms, 'O my child,' he cried, 'how have I been to blame! how have I injured you! What amends can I ever make you for those unkind, those unjust suspicions which I have entertained; and for all the sufferings they have occasioned to you?'—'Am I not now made amends?' cries Jones: 'Would not my sufferings, if they had been ten times greater, have been now richly repaid? O, my dear uncle! this goodness, this tenderness, overpowers, unmans, destroys me. I cannot bear the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to your presence, to your favour; to be once more thus kindly received by my great, my noble, my generous benefactor.'—'Indeed, child,' cries Allworthy, 'I have used you cruelly.'—He then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil, and again repeated expressions of the utmost concern, for having been induced by that treachery to use him so ill. 'O talk not so,' answered Jones; 'indeed, Sir, you have used me nobly. The wisest man might be deceived as you were, and, under such a deception, the best must have acted just as you did. Your goodness displayed itself in the midst of your

anger, just as it then seemed. I owe every thing to that goodness, of which I have been most unworthy. Do not put me on self-accusation, by carrying your generous sentiments too far. Alas, Sir, I have not been punished more than I have deserved; and it shall be the whole business of my future life to deserve that happiness you now bestow on me; for, believe me, my dear uncle, my punishment hath not been thrown away upon me: though I have been a great, I am not a hardened sinner: I thank Heaven I have had time to reflect on my past life; where, though I cannot charge myself with any gross villany, yet I can discern follies and vices more than enough to repent and to be ashamed of; follies which have been attended with dreadful consequences to myself, and have brought me to the brink of destruction.'—'I am rejoiced, my dear child,' answered Allworthy, 'to hear you talk thus sensibly; for, as I am convinced hypocrisy (good Heaven, how I have been imposed on by it in others!) was never among your faults, so I can readily believe all you say. You now see, Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may subject virtue, (for virtue, I am now convinced, you love in a great degree). Prudence is indeed the duty which we owe to ourselves; and if we will be so much our own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in discharging their duty to us; for when a man lays the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am afraid, be too apt to build upon it. You say, however, you have seen your errors, and will reform them. I firmly believe you, my dear child; and therefore, from this moment, you shall never more be reminded of them by me. Remember them only yourself, so far as, for the future, to teach

teach you better to avoid them: but still remember, for your comfort, that there is this great difference between those faults which candour may construe into imprudence, and those which can be deduced from villany only. The former, perhaps, are even more apt to subject a man to ruin; but, if he reform, his character will, at length, be totally retrieved; the world, though not immediately, will in time be reconciled to him; and he may reflect, not without some mixture of pleasure, on the dangers he hath escaped: but villany, my boy, when once discovered, is irretrievable; the stains which this leaves behind, no time will wash away. The censures of mankind will pursue the wretch, their scorn will abash him in public; and if shame drives him into retirement, he will go to it with all those terrors with which a weary child, who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats from company to go to bed alone. Here, his murdered conscience will haunt him. Repose, like a false friend, will fly from him. Wherever he turns his eyes, horror presents itself: if he looks backward, unavailable repentance treads on his heels; if forward, incurable despair stares him in the face: till, like a condemned prisoner confined in a dungeon, he detests his present condition, and yet dreads the consequence of that hour which is to relieve him from it. Comfort yourself, I say, my child, that is not your case; and rejoice, with thankfulness to Him who hath suffered you to see your errors, before they have brought on you that destruction to which a persistence in even those errors must have led you. You have deserted them; and the prospect now before you is such, that happiness seems in your own power.—At these words, Jones fetched a deep

deep sigh; upon which, when Allworthy remonstrated, he said, 'Sir, I will conceal nothing from you; I fear there is one consequence of my vices I shall never be able to retrieve. O my dear uncle, I have lost a treasure.'—'You need say no more,' answered Allworthy; 'I will be explicit with you; I know what you lament; I have seen the young lady, and have discoursed with her concerning you. This I must insist on, as an earnest of your sincerity in all you have said, and of the steadfastness of your resolution, that you obey me in one instance; to abide entirely by the determination of the young lady, whether it shall be in your favour or no. She hath already suffered enough from solicitations which I hate to think of; she shall owe no farther constraint to my family: I know her father will be as ready to torment her now on your account, as he hath formerly been on another's; but I am determined she shall suffer no more confinement, no more violence, no more uneasy hours.'—'O my dear uncle,' answered Jones, 'lay, I beseech you, some command on me, in which I shall have some merit in obedience. Believe me, Sir, the only instance in which I could disobey you, would be to give an uneasy moment to my Sophia. No, Sir, if I am so miserable to have incurred her displeasure beyond all hope of forgiveness, that alone, with the dreadful reflection of causing her misery, will be sufficient to overpower me. To call Sophia mine, is the greatest, and now the only additional blessing which Heaven can bestow; but it is a blessing which I must owe to her alone.' 'I will not flatter you, child,' cries Allworthy; 'I fear your case is desperate: I never saw stronger marks of an unalterable resolution in any person, than

than appeared in her vehement declarations against receiving your addresses; for which, perhaps, you can account better than myself.'—'Oh, Sir! I can account too well,' answered Jones; 'I have sinned against her, beyond all hope of pardon; and, guilty as I am, my guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten times blacker than the real colours. O my dear uncle, I find my follies are irretrievable; and all your goodness cannot save me from perdition.'

A servant now acquainted them, that Mr Western was below-stairs; for his eagerness to see Jones, could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whose eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Western a few minutes, till he a little recovered himself: to which the good man consented; and having ordered Mr Western to be shewn into the parlour, went down to him.

Mrs Miller no sooner heard that Jones was alone, (for she had not yet seen him since his release from prison), than she came eagerly into the room, and advancing towards Jones, wished him heartily joy of his new-found uncle, and his happy reconciliation; adding, 'I wish I could give you joy on another account, my dear child; but any thing so inexorable I never saw.'

Jones, with some appearance of surprise, asked her what she meant? 'Why then,' says she, 'I have been with your young lady, and have explained all matters to her, as they were told me by my son Nightingale. She can no longer have any doubt about the letter, that I am certain; for I told her, my son Nightingale was ready to take his oath, if she pleased, that it was all his own invention, and the letter of his inditing. I told her, the reason of sending the letter, ought

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to recommend you to her the more, as it was all upon her account, and a plain proof that you was resolved to quit your profligacy for the future : that you had never been guilty of a single instance of infidelity to her, since your seeing her in town. I am afraid I went too far there, but Heaven forgive me ; I hope your future behaviour will be my justification. I am sure I have said all I can ; but all to no purpose. She remains inflexible. She says, she had forgiven many faults on account of youth, but expressed such detestation of the character of a libertine, that she absolutely silenced me. I often attempted to excuse you, but the justness of her accusation flew in my face. Upon my honour, she is a lovely woman, and one of the sweetest and most sensible creatures I ever saw. I could almost have kissed her for one expression she made use of. It was a sentiment worthy of Seneca, or of a bishop. ‘ I once fancied, Madam,’ said she, ‘ I had discovered great goodness of heart in Mr Jones, and for that, I own, I had a sincere esteem : but an entire profligacy of manners will corrupt the best heart in the world ; and all which a good-natured libertine can expect, is, that we should mix some grains of pity with our contempt and abhorrence.’ ‘ She is an angelic creature, that is the truth on’t.’——‘ O Mrs Miller !’ answered Jones, ‘ can I bear to think I have lost such an angel !’ ‘ Lost ! no,’ cries Mrs Miller ; ‘ I hope you have not lost her yet. Resolve to leave such vicious courses, and you may yet have hopes : nay, if she should remain inexorable, there is another young lady, a sweet pretty young lady, and a swinging fortune, who is absolutely dying for love of you. I heard of it this very morning, and I told it to Miss Western : nay, I went a little beyond the truth again ; for I told her you had

had refused her; but indeed I knew you would refuse her.———And here I must give you a little comfort. When I mentioned the young lady's name, who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I thought she turned pale; but when I said you had refused her, I will be sworn her face was all over scarlet in an instant; and these were her very words, 'I will not deny but that I believe he has some affection for me.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Western, who could no longer be kept out of the room even by the authority of Allworthy himself; though this, as we have often seen, had a wonderful power over him.

Western immediately went up to Jones, crying out, 'My old friend Tom, I am glad to see thee with all my heart. All past must be forgotten. I could not intend any affront to thee, because, as Allworthy here knows, nay, dost know it thyself, I took thee for another person; and where a body means no harm, what signifies a hasty word or two? One Christian must forget and forgive another.' 'I hope, Sir,' said Jones, 'I shall never forget the many obligations I have had to you; but as for any offence towards me, I declare I am an utter stranger.'———'A't?' says Western, 'then give me thy fist; a't as hearty an honest cock as any in the kingdom. Come along with me, I'll carry thee to thy mistress this moment.' Here Allworthy interposed; and the squire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after some litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compassion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager desires of Western, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the tea-table.

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The conversation which now ensued, was pleasant enough, and with which, had it happened earlier in our history, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leisure to attend only to what is very material, it shall suffice to say, that matters being entirely adjusted as to the afternoon visit, Mr Western again returned home.

### C H A P. XI.

*The history draws nearer to a conclusion.*

WHEN Mr Western was departed, Jones began to inform Mr Allworthy and Mrs Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two surgeons, and a friend of Mr Nightingale's, had attended the magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the surgeon's oath that the wounded person was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was discharged.

One only of these lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly surprised him, by asking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now, the reality of the case, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this. The lieutenant whom Lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of Lady Bellaston, to press Jones, as a vagabond, into the sea-service, when he came to report to his Lordship the event which we have before seen, spoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr Jones on all accounts, and strongly assured that Lord, that he must have mistaken the

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the person, for that Jones was certainly a gentleman; insomuch that his Lordship, who was strictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, Lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Irish peer, who, in a conversation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick, to which indeed he did not do strict justice, especially in what related to his lady. He said, she was the most innocent and most injured woman alive, and that, from compassion alone, he had undertaken her cause. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if possible, to consent to a separation from his wife, who, the peer said, was in apprehensions for her life, if she should ever return to be under the power of her husband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might satisfy himself more concerning Jones, and the circumstances of the duel; for he was by no means easy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his Lordship gave a hint of his readiness to assist in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of Lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance: and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor Irishman no sooner saw these noble peers had undertaken the cause of his wife, than he submitted, and articles of separation were soon drawn up, and signed between the parties.

Fitzpatrick had been so well satisfied by Mrs Waters concerning the innocency of his wife with

Jones at Upton, or perhaps, from some other reasons, was now become so indifferent to that matter, that he spoke highly in favour of Jones to Lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himself, and said, the other had behaved very much like a gentleman and a man of honour; and upon that Lord's further inquiry concerning Mr Jones, Fitzpatrick told him he was nephew to a gentleman of very great fashion and fortune, which was the account he had just received from Mrs Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make satisfaction to a gentleman whom he had so grossly injured; and, without any consideration of rivalry, (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia), determined to procure Mr Jones's liberty, being satisfied, as well from Fitzpatrick as his surgeon, that the wound was not mortal: he therefore prevailed with the Irish peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs Waters, as what he had discovered from Mr Dowling.

Jones expressed great astonishment, and no less concern at this account, but without making any comment or observation upon it. And now a message was brought from Mr Blifil, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy started, and turned pale, and then, in a more passionate tone than I believe he had ever used before, bid the servant tell Blifil he knew him not. 'Consider,

sider, dear Sir,' cries Jones, in a trembling voice. — 'I have considered,' answered Allworthy, 'and you yourself shall carry my message to the villain.——No one can carry him the sentence of his own ruin so properly as the man whose ruin he hath so villanously contrived.'—'Pardon me, dear Sir,' said Jones; 'a moment's reflection will, I am sure, convince you of the contrary. What might perhaps be but justice from another tongue, would from mine be insult; and to whom?—my own brother, and your nephew.——Nor did he use me so barbarously.——Indeed that would have been more inexcusable than any thing he hath done. Fortune may tempt men of no very bad dispositions to injustice; but insults proceed only from black and rancorous minds, and have no temptations to excuse them.——Let me beseech you, Sir, to do nothing by him in the present height of your anger. Consider, my dear uncle, I was not myself condemned unheard.' Allworthy stood silent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he said, with tears gushing from his eyes, 'O my child! to what goodness have I been so long blind!'

Mrs Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and seeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burst forth into the most ecstatic thanksgivings to Heaven for what had happened.——Then running to Jones, she embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My dearest friend, I wish you joy a thousand and a thousand times of this blessed day;' and next Mr Allworthy himself received the same congratulations. To which he answered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs Miller, I am beyond expression  
X 2 happy.'

happy.' Some few more raptures having passed on all sides, Mrs Miller desired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where she said there was a very happy set of people assembled; being indeed no other than Mr Nightingale and his bride, and his cousin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excused himself from dining with the company, saying he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private business to discourse of; but could not resist promising the good woman, that both he and Jones would make part of her society at supper.

Mrs Miller then asked what was to be done with Blifil; 'for indeed,' says she, 'I cannot be easy while such a villain is in my house.'—Allworthy answered, 'He was as uneasy as herself on the same account.' 'O!' cries she, 'if that be the case, leave the matter to me; I'll soon shew him the outside of my doors, I warrant you. Here are two or three lusty fellows below-stairs.' 'There will be no need of any violence,' cries Allworthy; 'if you will carry him a message from me, he will, I am convinced, depart of his own accord.' 'Will I?' said Mrs Miller, 'I never did any thing in my life with a better will.' Here Jones interfered, and said, 'He had considered the matter better, and would, if Mr Allworthy pleased, be himself the messenger. I know,' says he, 'already enough of your pleasure, Sir, and I beg leave to acquaint him with it by my own words. Let me beseech you, Sir,' added he, 'to reflect on the dreadful consequences of driving him to violent and sudden despair. How unfit, alas! is this poor man to die in his present situation!' This suggestion had not the least effect on Mrs Miller. She

She left the room, crying, ' You are too good, Mr Jones, infinitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impression on Allworthy. ' My good child,' said he, ' I am equally astonished at the goodness of your heart, and the quickness of your understanding. Heaven indeed forbid that this wretch should be deprived of any means or time for repentance : that would be a shocking consideration indeed. Go to him, therefore, and use your own discretion : yet do not flatter him with any hopes of my forgiveness; for I shall never forgive villany, farther than my religion obliges me; and that extends not either to our bounty or our conversation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a situation which moved his pity, though it would have raised a less amiable passion in many beholders. He cast himself on his bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears; not in such tears as flow from contrition, and wash away guilt from minds which have been seduced or surprised into it unawares, against the bent of their natural dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, these tears were such as the frightened thief sheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the most savage natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this scene at full length. Let it suffice to say, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to excess. He omitted nothing which his invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping spirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the resolution of his uncle, that he must quit the house that evening. He offered to furnish him with any money he

wanted ; assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him ; that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all : but finding at last the evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to confession. He then asked pardon of his brother in the most vehement manner ; prostrated himself on the ground, and kissed his feet : in short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not so far check his disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme servility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man ; repeating at the same time his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them : for which, Blifil making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks ; and then he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he had made concerning the five 100 l. bank-notes. ‘ I have,’ said he, ‘ already consulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my great astonishment, that there is no punishment for a fraud of this kind. Indeed, when I consider the black ingratitude of this fellow toward you, I think a highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent person.’

‘ Good Heaven !’ says Jones, ‘ is it possible ?— I am shocked beyond measure at this news. I  
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thought there was not an honefter fellow in the world.—The temptation of ſuch a ſum was too great for him to withſtand; for ſmaller matters have come ſafe to me through his hand. Indeed, my dear uncle, you muſt ſuffer me to call it weakneſs, rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor fellow loves me, and hath done me ſome kindneſſes, which I can never forget: nay, I believe he hath repented of this very act; for it is not above a day or two ago, when my affairs ſeemed in a moſt deſperate ſituation, that he viſited me in my confinement, and offered me any money I wanted. Conſider, Sir, what a temptation to a man who hath taſted ſuch bitter diſtreſs, it muſt be, to have a ſum in his poſſeſſion which muſt put him and his family beyond any future poſſibility of ſuffering the like.’

‘Child,’ cries Allworthy ‘you carry this forgiving temper too far. Such miſtaken mercy is not only weakneſs, but borders on injuſtice, and is very pernicious to ſociety, as it encourages vice. The diſhoneſty of this fellow I might perhaps have pardoned, but never his ingratitude. And give me leave to ſay, when we ſuffer any temptation to atone for diſhoneſty itſelf, we are as candid and merciful as we ought to be; and ſo far, I confeſs, I have gone: for I have often pitied the fate of a highwayman, when I have been on the grand jury; and have more than once applied to the judge on the behalf of ſuch as have had any mitigating circumſtances in their caſe: but when diſhoneſty is attended with any blacker crime, ſuch as cruelty, murder, ingratitude, or the like, compaſſion and forgiveness then become faults. I am convinced the fellow is a villain, and he ſhall be puniſhed; at leaſt as far as I can puniſh him.’

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This was spoke with so stern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply: besides, the hour appointed by Mr Western now drew so near, that he had barely time left to dress himself. Here therefore ended the present dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his clothes.

Partridge had scarce seen his master since the happy discovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or express his transports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almost as many mistakes while he was dressing Jones, as I have seen made by Harlequin in dressing himself on the stage.

His memory, however, was not in the least deficient. He recollected now many omens and presages of this happy event, some of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt the evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with saying, 'I always told your Honour, something boded in my mind, that you would one time or other have it in your power to make my fortune.' Jones assured him, that this boding should as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other omens had been to himself; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his master.

## C H A P. XII.

*Approaching still nearer to the end.*

JONES being now completely dressed, attended his uncle to Mr Western's. He was indeed  
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one of the finest figures ever beheld, and his person alone would have charmed the greater part of woman-kind : but we hope it hath already appeared in this history, that nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth, on this merit only, to recommend her work.

Sophia, who, angry as she was, was likewise set forth to the best advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful, that even Allworthy, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering Western, that he believed she was the finest creature in the world. To which Western answered in a whisper, overheard by all present, ' So much the better for Tom ; for d—n me if he sha'n't ha' the tousing her.' Sophia was all over scarlet at these words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his chair.

The tea-table was scarce removed, before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private, before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone : and it will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those who had so much to say to one another, when danger and difficulty attended their conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's arms when so many bars lay in their way, now that with safety they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some time silent and motionless ; insomuch that a stranger of moderate sagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indifferent : but so it was, however strange it may seem ; both sat with  
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their eyes cast downwards on the ground, and for some minutes continued in perfect silence.

Mr Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out some broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said—

‘Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery.’ ‘And can you really, Madam, think me so fortunate,’ said Jones, sighing, ‘while I have incurred your displeasure?’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ says she, ‘as to that, you best know whether you have deserved it.’ ‘Indeed, Madam,’ answered he, ‘you yourself are as well apprised of all my demerits. Mrs Miller hath acquainted you with the whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to hope for forgiveness?’ ‘I think, Mr Jones,’ said she, ‘I may almost depend on your own justice, and leave it to yourself to pass sentence on your own conduct.’ ‘Alas! Madam,’ answered he, ‘it is mercy, and not justice, which I implore at your hands. Justice, I know, must condemn me—Yet not for the letter I sent to Lady Bellaston. Of that, I most solemnly declare, you have had a true account.’ He then insisted much on the security given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyship should have accepted his offer; but confessed, that he had been guilty of a great indiscretion, to put such a letter as that into her power, ‘which,’ said he, ‘I have dearly paid for, in the effect it has upon you.’ ‘I do not, I cannot,’ says she, ‘believe otherwise of that letter than you would have me. My conduct, I think,

think, shews you clearly I do not believe there is much in that. And yet, Mr Jones, have I not enough to resent? After what passed at Upton, so soon to engage in a new amour with another woman, while I fancied, and you pretended, your heart was bleeding for me?—Indeed you have acted strangely. Can I believe the passion you have professed to me to be sincere? or, if I can, what happiness can I assure myself of with a man capable of so much inconstancy?’ ‘O my Sophia!’ cries he, ‘do not doubt the sincerity of the purest passion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think, most adorable creature, of my unhappy situation, of my despair.—Could I, my Sophia, have flattered myself with the most distant hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your feet, in the manner I do now, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inspired a thought which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you!—O Sophia! if you can have goodness enough to pardon what is past, do not let any cruel future apprehensions shut your mercy against me.—No repentance was ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven in this dear bosom.’ ‘Sincere repentance, Mr Jones,’ answered she, ‘will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from One who is a perfect judge of that sincerity. A human mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You must expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity.’—‘Name any proof in my power,’ answered Jones eagerly.—‘Time,’ replied she, ‘time alone, Mr Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved to abandon those  
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vicious courses, which I should detest you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in them.'

'Do not imagine it,' cries Jones. 'On my knees I intreat, I implore your confidence: a confidence, which it shall be the business of my life to deserve.'

'Let it then,' said she, 'be the business of some part of your life to shew me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit enough in assuring you, that when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is past, Sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my word; I have a better security, a pledge for my constancy, which it is impossible to see, and to doubt.'—

'What is that?' said Sophia, a little surprised.

'I will shew you, my charming angel,' cried Jones, seizing her hand, and carrying her to the glass.

'There—behold it there, in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind which shines through those eyes: can the man who shall be in possession of these, be inconstant? Impossible! my Sophia; they would fix

a Dorimant, a Lord Rochester. You could not doubt it, if you could see yourself with any eyes but your own.' Sophia blushed, and half smiled;

but forcing her brow again into a frown, 'If I am to judge,' said she, 'of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will in this glass when I am out of the room.'

'By Heaven, by all that is sacred,' said Jones, 'it never was out of my heart. The delicacy of your sex cannot conceive the grossness of ours, nor how little

one sort of amour has to do with the heart.'

'I will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very gravely, 'who shall not learn refinement enough,

to be as incapable as I am myself of making such a distinction.' 'I will learn it,' said Jones: 'I have learned it already. The first moment of hope that my Sophia might be my wife, taught it me at once; and all the rest of her sex, from that moment, became as little the objects of desire to my sense, as of passion to my heart.' 'Well,' said Sophia, 'the proof of this must be from time. Your situation, Mr Jones, is now altered; and I assure you I have great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now want no opportunity of being near me, and convincing me that your mind is altered too.' 'O! my angel,' cries Jones, 'how shall I thank thy goodness? And are you so good to own, that you have a satisfaction in my prosperity?—Believe me, believe me, Madam, it is you alone have given me a relish to that prosperity, since I owe it to the dear hope——O! my Sophia, let it not be a distant one.——I will be all obedience to your commands. I will not dare to press any thing farther than you permit me. Yet let me intreat you to appoint a short trial.——O! tell me, when I may expect you will be convinced of what is most solemnly true.' 'When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr Jones,' said she, 'I expect not to be pressed: Nay, I will not.'—'O don't look unkindly thus, my Sophia,' cries he. 'I do not, I dare not press you.——Yet permit me at least once more to beg you would fix the period. O! consider the impatience of love.'—'A twelvemonth, perhaps,' says she. 'O! my Sophia,' cries he, 'you have named an eternity.' 'Perhaps it may be something sooner,' said she; 'I will not be teased. If your passion for me be what I would have it, I think you may now be easy.'—'Easy! Sophia; call not such exulting  
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happiness as mine by so cold a name.—O, transporting thought! am I not assured that the blessed day will come, when I shall call you mine; when fear shall be no more; when I shall have that dear, that vast, that exquisite, ecstatic delight of making my Sophia happy?—‘Indeed, Sir,’ said she, ‘that day is in your own power.’—‘O! my dear, my divine angel,’ cried he, ‘these words have made me mad with joy.—But I must, I will thank those dear lips which have so sweetly pronounced my bliss.’ He then caught her in his arms, and kissed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this instant, Western, who had stood some time listening, burst into the room, and, with his hunting voice and phrase, cried out, ‘To her, boy, to her, go to her.—That’s it, little honeys; O that’s it. Well, what, is it all over? Hath she appointed the day, boy? What, shall it be to-morrow or next day? It shan’t be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved.’—‘Let me beseech you, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘don’t let me be the occasion’——‘Beseech mine a—,’ cries Western; ‘I thought thou hadst been a lad of higher mettle, than to give way to a parcel of maidenish tricks.—I tell thee ’tis all flimflam. Zoodikers! she’d have the wedding to-night with all her heart. Would’st nor, Sophy? Come, confess, and be an honest girl for once. What, art dumb? Why do’st not speak?’—‘Why should I confess, Sir,’ says Sophia, ‘since it seems you are so well acquainted with my thoughts?’——‘That’s a good girl,’ cries he; ‘and do’st consent then?’—‘No indeed, Sir,’ says Sophia, ‘I have given no such consent.’——‘And wunt not ha’ un then to-morrow, nor next day?’ says Western. ‘Indeed,

‘Indeed, Sir,’ says she, ‘I have no such intention.’—‘But I can tell thee,’ replied he, ‘why hast not; only because thou do’st love to be disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father.’ ‘Pray, Sir,’ said Jones, interfering——‘I tell thee thou art a puppy,’ cries he. ‘When I forbid her, then it was all nothing but fighting, and whining, and languishing, and writing: now I am vor thee, she is against thee. All the spirit of contrary, that’s all. She is above being guided and governed by her father, that is the whole truth on’t. It is only to disoblige and contradict me.’ ‘What would my papa have me do?’ cries Sophia. ‘What would I ha’ thee do?’ says he; ‘why gi’ un thy hand this moment.’—‘Well, Sir,’ said Sophia, ‘I will obey you. There is my hand, Mr Jones.’ ‘Well, and will you consent to ha’ un to-morrow morning?’ says Western.—‘I will be obedient to you, Sir,’ cries she.—‘Why, then, to-morrow morning be the day,’ cries he.—‘Why then to-morrow morning shall be the day, papa, since you will have it so,’ says Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kissed her hand in an agony of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room, presently crying out,—‘Where the devil is Allworthy? He is without now, a-talking with that d——d lawyer Dowling, when he should be minding other matters.’ He then sallied out in quest of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he soon returned with Allworthy, saying, ‘If you won’t believe me, you may ask her yourself. Hast not gi’n thy consent, Sophy, to be married to-morrow?’ ‘Such are your commands, Sir,’ cries Sophia, ‘and I dare not be guilty of disobedience.’ ‘I hope, Madam,’ cries Allworthy,  
Y 2 ‘my

‘my nephew will merit so much goodness, and will be always as sensible as myself of the great honour you have done my family. An alliance with so charming and so excellent a young lady, would indeed be an honour to the greatest in England.’ ‘Yes,’ cries Western, ‘but if I had suffered her to stand still I shall I, silly dally, you might not have had that honour yet a while: I was forced to use a little fatherly authority to bring her to.’ ‘I hope there is not, Sir,’ cries Allworthy, ‘I hope there is not the least constraint.’ ‘Why, there,’ cries Western, ‘you may bid her unsay all again, if you will. Do’st heartily repent of thy promise, do’st not, Sophy?’ ‘Indeed, papa,’ cries she, ‘I do not repent, nor do I believe I ever shall, of any promise in favour of Mr Jones.’ ‘Then, nephew,’ cries Allworthy, ‘I felicitate you most heartily, for I think you are the happiest of men. And, Madam, you will give me leave to congratulate you on this joyful occasion: indeed I am convinced you have bestowed yourself on one who will be sensible of your great merit, and who will at least use his best endeavours to deserve it.’ ‘His best endeavours!’ cries Western, ‘that he will, I warrant un.—Harkee, Allworthy, I’ll bet thee five pound to a crown we have a boy to-morrow nine months.—But, prithee tell me what wut ha? Wut ha Burgundy, Champaigne, or what? for, please Jupiter, we’ll make a night on’t.’ ‘Indeed, Sir,’ said Allworthy, ‘you must excuse me; both my nephew and I were engaged before I suspected the near approach of this happiness.’—‘Engaged!’ quoth the squire; ‘never tell me—I won’t part with thee to-night upon any occasion. Shalt sup here, please the lord Harry.’ ‘You must pardon me, my dear neighbour,’

bour,' answered Allworthy; ' I have given a solemn promise, and that, you know, I never break.' ' Why, prithee, who art engaged to?' cries the squire.—Allworthy then informed him, as likewise of the company.—' Odzookers!' answered the squire, ' I will go with thee, and so shall Sophy; for I won't part with thee to-night, and it would be barbarous to part Tom and the girl.' This offer was presently embraced by Allworthy; and Sophia consented, having first obtained a private promise from her father, that he would not mention a syllable concerning her marriage.

C H A P. *The last.*

*In which the history is concluded.*

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon, by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewise he met his uncle, who was returned to town in quest of his new-married daughter.

This marriage was the luckiest incident which could have happened to the young gentleman; for these brothers lived in a constant state of contention about the government of their children, both heartily despising the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This desire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had used, so strongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his son with a smiling countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that evening at Mrs Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the most immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his nephew, where his daughter and her husband were, than he declared he would instantly go to her; and when he arrived there, he scarce suffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderness which affected all who saw him; and in less than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her husband, as if he had himself joined their hands.

In this situation were affairs when Mr Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happiness of Mrs Miller, who no sooner saw Sophia, than she guessed every thing that had happened; and so great was her friendship to Jones, that it added not a few transports to those she felt on the happiness of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many instances of a number of people met together, where every one was so perfectly happy as in this company.— Amongst whom, the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the least perfect content: for, notwithstanding his affection for his son, notwithstanding the authority and arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not so entirely be satisfied with his son's choice; and perhaps the presence of Sophia herself tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then suggested itself, that his son might have had that lady, or some such other. Not that any of the charms which adorned either the person or mind of Sophia created the uneasiness; it was the contents of her father's coffers which set his heart a-longing.

ing. These were the charms which he could not bear to think his son had sacrificed to the daughter of Mrs Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but so totally were they eclipsed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the best-tempered girls in the world, it would have raised some envy in their breasts: for neither of the husbands could long keep their eyes from Sophia, who sat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or rather like a superior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not which she exacted; for she was as much distinguished by her modesty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was spent in much true mirth. All were happy, but those the most, who had been most unhappy before. Their former sufferings and fears gave such a relish to their felicity, as even love and fortune in their fullest flow could not have given without the advantage of such a comparison. Yet, as great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the least merry of the whole company; which Western observed with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'st not talk, boy? why do'st look so grave? Hast lost thy tongue, girl? Drink another glass of wine; sha't drink another glass.' And, the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing her a merry song, which bore some relation to matrimony, and the loss of a maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that topic, as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr Allworthy had not checked him sometimes by looks, and,

and, once or twice, by a Fie! Mr Western. He began indeed once to debate the matter, and assert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought fit; but as nobody seconded him, he was soon reduced to order.

Notwithstanding this little restraint, he was so pleased with the chearfulness and good-humour of the company, that he insisted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the mistress of the ceremonies, or, in the polite phrase, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors-Commons, where Mr Allworthy, Mr Western, and Mrs Miller, were the only persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her father, that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her marriage. The same secrecy was enjoined to Mrs Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This somewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own inclinations. In confidence of this secrecy, she went through the day pretty well, till the squire, who was now advanced into the second bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great confusion of our poor blushing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To say truth, there was not a person present made wiser by this discovery; for Mrs Miller had whispered it to her daughter, her daughter

daughter to her husband; her husband to his sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the squire sat in to his cups, in which he was, by degrees, deserted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Western himself. These two therefore sat stoutly to it, during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had surrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion, in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary, perhaps, to thy expectation, Mr Jones appears to be the happiest of all human kind: for what happiness this world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other persons who have made any considerable figure in this history, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as possible, to satisfy their curiosity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to see Blifil; but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to settle 200 l. a-year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about two hundred miles distant from London, and lays up 200 l. a-year out of it, in order to purchase a seat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is also lately turned Methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that sect, whose estate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitless attempts to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himself with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuses behind their backs. But in his stead, Mr Allworthy hath lately taken Mr Abraham Adams into his house, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs Fitzpatrick is separated from her husband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is so good an oeconomist, that she spends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Irish peer; and in acts of friendship to her, repays all the obligations she owes to her husband.

Mrs Western was soon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and hath spent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellauston made the latter a formal visit at her return to town, where she behaved to Jones as to a perfect stranger, and, with great civility, wished him joy on his marriage.

Mr Nightingale hath purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs Miller, and her little daughter reside, and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families.

As to those of lower account, Mrs Waters re-returned into the country, had a pension of 60 l. a year settled upon her by Mr Allworthy, and is married to parson Supple, on whom, at the instance

stance of Sophia, Western hath bestowed a considerable living.

Black George hearing the discovery that had been made, run away, and was never since heard of; and Jones bestowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greatest share.

As for Partridge, Jones hath settled 50 l. a year on him; and he hath again set up a school, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly; and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miss Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr Western and Mr Allworthy into the country. Western hath resigned his family-seat, and the greater part of his estate, to his son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser house of his, in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed, he is often as a visitant with Mr Jones, who, as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to please him. And this desire of theirs is attended with such success, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and antichamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases; and his daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it. Jones hath assured her, that, as next to pleasing her, one of his highest satisfactions is to contribute to the happiness of the old man; so, the great duty which she expresses and performs to her father, renders

renders her almost equally dear to him, with the love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his time in the nursery, where he declares the rattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is sweeter music than the finest cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no instance of showing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath also, by reflection on his past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman, than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest affection for each other, an affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual esteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends less amiable than towards one another. And such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr Jones was married to his Sophia.

THE END.



